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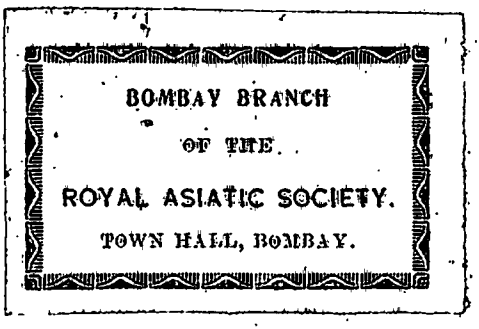

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THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A SCOTCH PASTORAL.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH

By MARGARET TURNER.

43657

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

TRULY ſenſible of your ROYAL HIGHNESS's goodneſs and condeſcenſion, in permitting me to introduce to the *public*, under your ROYAL HIGHNESS's *auſpices* and *protection*, this Engliſh verſion of Mr. Ramſay's GENTLE SHEPHERD, I humbly entreat your ROYAL HIGHNESS's acceptance of my moſt grateful and reſpectful acknowledgments; and that *Heaven* may confer on your ROYAL HIGHNESS every bleſſing that can make a Prince as great and happy as he is good—is the moſt devout prayer of your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt reſpectful,

And devoted ſervant,

MARGARET TURNER.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

No one ever committed a Performance to the eye of the Public with more anxious diffidence than I do an Engliſh verſion of the Gentle Shepherd. Conſcious of the merits of the original, and the impoſſibility of doing it juſtice in any other dialect than that in which it was originally written, I bluſh at my own temerity in attempting it; but, as moſt ſcribblers introduce themſelves to the world with an apology, I alſo have mine—which would gain me the indulgence of every feeling heart: and, while I ſhrink from the

eye of criticiſm, yet I hope judgment will be ſoftened by mercy: and, when it is obſerved with what ſcrupulous attention I have adhered to the original, I alſo hope that my errors will be treated with lenity.

With thoſe who underſtand the Scotch dialect, this Paſtoral needs no panegyric; and with thoſe who do not, I have not the vanity to think that my opinion would be of any conſequence; but I ſhall give that of a gentleman who is acknowledged by the world as an able critic and an elegant writer.

" I muſt not omit the mention of another " Paſtoral Drama, which will bear being " brought into compariſon with any compo- " ſition of this kind in any language; that is, " Allan Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd. It is a " great diſadvantage to this beautiful Poem, " that it is written in the old ruſtic dialect of " Scotland, which, in a ſhort time, will " probably be entirely obſolete, and not in- " telligible;

"telligible; and it is a farther diſadvantage,
"that it is ſo entirely formed on the rural
"manners of Scotland, that none but a na-
"tive of that country can thoroughly un-
"derſtand or reliſh it. But, though ſubject
"to theſe local diſadvantages, which confine
"its reputation within narrow limits, it is
"full of ſo much natural deſcription, and
"tender ſentiment, as would do honour to
"any Poet. The characters are well drawn,
"the incidents affecting, the ſcenery and
"manners lively and juſt. It affords a ſtrong
"proof both of the power which Nature and
"Simplicity poſſeſs to reach the heart in
"every ſort of writing; and of the variety of
"pleaſing Characters and Subjects with
"which Paſtoral Poetry, when properly
"managed, is capable of being enlivened."

Dr. BLAIR's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters.*

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THE encouragement I have met with from the Public in general, in enabling me to print ſo honourable and numerous a Liſt of Subſcribers, merits my moſt ſincere acknowledgments.

To thoſe particular friends, whoſe exertions in my behalf have done me ſo much honour, and to thoſe whoſe generous attentions have ſo eſſentially ſerved me, I cannot ſay what I feel, but I hope that they will accept the grateful thanks of a heart truly ſenſible of their goodneſs.

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SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
ROGER, a rich young ſhepherd, in love with Jenny.
SYMON, GLAUD, } two old ſhepherds, tenants to Sir William.
BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.
JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.
MAUSE, an old woman, ſuppoſed to be a witch.
ELSPA, Symon's wife.
MADGE, Glaud's ſiſter.

SCENE, *A ſhepherd's village and fields ſome few miles from Edinburgh.*

TIME OF ACTION within twenty-four hours.

Firſt Act begins at eight in the morning.
Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third Act begins at four in the afternoon.
Fourth Act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth Act begins by day-light next morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SCOTCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the ſouth-ſide of a craigy bield,
Where cryſtal ſprings the haleſome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG. Tune, *The wawking of the faulds.*

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.[a]

ENGLISH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

Beneath a rocky ſhelter's ſouthern ſide,
Where fountains clear in healthful ſtreamlets glide,
Two youthful ſhepherds on the daiſies lay,
Tending their flocks one lovely morn of May.
Poor Roger groans, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SONG.

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The watching of the fold[b].

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And nathing gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

This ſunny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſom is't to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants;
How haleſome is't to ſnuff the cawler air,
And a' the ſweets it bears, when void of care.

What

My Peggy ſpeaks ſo ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alone,
O! ſhe's the fair can baniſh care,
O! ſhe's the fair without compare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſo ſweetly,
To other maids I'm cold:
But ſhe makes all my ſpirits glow,
When watching of the fold.

My Peggy ſmiles ſo kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on all the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſo kindly,
It makes me blithe and bold,
And nothing gives me ſuch delight,
As watching of the fold.

My Peggy ſings ſo ſoftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By all the reſt it is confeſt,
By all the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſo ſoftly,
And in her ſongs are told,
With innocence, the beſt of ſenſe,
At watching of the fold.

This ſunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a joyous mood.
How blithſome 'tis to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirp o'er their pleaſing chants;
How healthy 'tis to ſcent the morning air,
And all the ſweets it bears, when void of care,

What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain?

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees ſhall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggie ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornfu' queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul's ſae ſadly out of tune.
You ha' ſae ſaft a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilk a ſheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:

If

What ails thee, Roger, then? why ſigh you ſo?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd woe?

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to an adverſe fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſts may ceaſe to daſh the rolling flood,
The rav'n and fox to long for lambkin's blood:
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Muſt ſtill deſpair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees ſhall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
Willows on marſhy ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornful maids, or loſs of worldly ſtore,
Shall make me drop a tear, or wake an hour.

ROGER.

So might I ſay; but 'tis not eas'ly done
By one whoſe ſoul's ſo ſadly out of tune.
You have ſo ſoft a voice, and ſmooth a tongue,
That you're the darling of both old and young.
If I attempt to ſing, or but to ſpeak,
They ſtop their ears, and up their milk-pails take,
And jeer me as they home from milking go;
Confus'd and vex'd, I know not what to do:
Yet I'm as tall as thou—as well made too,
Why ſhould I pleaſe the laſſes leſs than you?
For every ſheep thou haſt, ten I can ſhow,
And ſhould, as one may think, before thee go.

PATIE.

Perhaps, my neighbour, you've a niggard's heart,
So with the coin you cannot freely part.

If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd:
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wathers periſh'd in the ſnaw.

PATIE.

Were your bien rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep:
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs:
O may'ſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clute
At the Weſt Port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round:
A dainty whiſtle, with a pleaſant ſound:
I'll be mair canty w'it, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with a' your caſh, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breaſt:

I dream'd

What ſignifies your wealth, if that's the caſe?
A ſordid ſoul ſtill wears a careful face.

ROGER.

My cow-houſe falls, nine head of cattle kills,
Three elf-ſhot [c] were, yet I endur'd theſe ills:
Few cares in winter laſt my heart did know,
Though ſcores of wethers periſh'd in the ſnow.

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PATIE.

Were your rich farms as poorly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you would loſe, and leſs you would repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep:
O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt feel the pangs of many a loſs!
O may'ſt thou doat on ſome fair haughty wench,
Who ne'er will ſtoop thy ſcorching thirſt to quench!
'Till preſs'd beneath the load, Alas! you ſay,
And own, tho' one's no fool, yet fret he may.

PATIE.

Six good fat lambs—I ſold them out and out
At the Weſt Port [d]—and bought a winning flute,
Of plum-tree made, the joints with iv'ry bound:
A handſome pipe, and of a pleaſing ſound—
With it I'll blither be, and ne'er look dull,
Than you with all your caſh, ye doleful fool.

ROGER.

I'm no ſuch churliſh aſs; no, Patie, no—
'Tis other cares that fill my heart with woe:

I dreamt

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a creep yet with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon aſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
But yeſterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for Neps;—ſae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,
I ſtill maunt doat, and throle her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd fair ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.

When

I dreamt a dreary dream the other night,
That makes me ſtill to ſhudder with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how ſilly is this art,
To one who knows each ſecret of your heart—
Feign'd are your dreams, and weakly do you hide
Your well-ſeen love, and ſcornful Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, tell me all your woe,
And ſafely think none but yourſelf doth know.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, you have gueſs'd too true,
And there is nothing I'll conceal from you—
Me ſcornful Jenny looks on with deſpite;
To ſpeak but to her puts me in a fright:
She jeers me morn and night in every place,
Whilſt I, confounded, look with baſhful face.
Beyond yon hillock green we met laſt night;
Away ſhe fled as I had been a ſprite.
She Bauldy loves—Bauldy that drives the car[e];
But me ſhe jibes, and ſays I ſmell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loves not her—well I know that—
He ſighs for Neps—ſo there is tit for tat.

ROGER.

I wiſh I could not love her, but in vain—
I ſtill muſt doat, and bear her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a dog I dearly like;
E'en till he howl, the poor dumb thing ſhe'll ſtrike.
Since "Love me, love my dog," the proverb goes,
Her cruelty to mine her hatred ſhews.

When

When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, ye never heard ſic ſpite;
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her couſin ſpear'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck?
Saebins ſhe be ſic a thrawin gabbit chuck,
Yonders a craig, ſince ye have tint all hope
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

ROGER.

I needna mak ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave off that ſilly whinging way;
Seem careleſs—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;
I ſaw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Peggy ſaw na me:
For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs, that whiter were than ſnaw.

Her

When I begin to tune my ſhepherd's horn,
In all her face ſhe ſhews a chilling ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, you never heard ſuch ſpite,
" *O'er Bogie*" was the tune, and her delight:
Yet tauntingly ſhe to her couſin ſaid,
With ſuch a ſneer, " What tune has Roger play'd?"
Flocks, wander where you will, my heart's ſo ſore,
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle more.

PATIE.

E'en do ſo, Roger, who can help miſchance?
Since wayward woman leads you ſuch a dance,
Now that you've loſt all hope—yon cliff is ſteep—
E'en go your way, and take the lover's leap.

ROGER.

To ſpill my blood I need not make ſuch haſte,
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough at laſt.

PATIE.

Great gooſe! leave off that ſilly whining way;
Seem careleſs—there's my hand you'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as true
As ever Jenny can be lov'd by you.
Laſt morning I was rather early out,
Upon a wall [f] I leant, looking about;
I ſaw my Peg come friſking o'er the lea;
I ſaw my Peg, but Peggy ſaw not me:
For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me ere ſhe wiſt.
Her petticoat tuck'd up did ſweetly ſhow
Her tight-made legs, that whiter were than ſnow.

Her

Her cockernony ſnooded up ſou ſleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waiſtcoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythſome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſo ſoon aſteer?
But I can gueſs, ye're gone to gather dew:
She ſcour'd awa', and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs errand back:
Miſcaw'd me firſt——then bad me hund my dog,
To wear up three waff ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waiſt;
About her yielding waiſt; and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilke ſmack,
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG.

Her hair bound back, ſo gloſſy and ſo ſleek,
Whilſt flowing locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſo ruddy, and her eyes ſo clear;
And O! her lips like ripeſt fruit appear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in ſnow-white jacket clean,
As ſhe tript lightly o'er the dewy green:
Blitheſome, I cried, "My pretty Peg, come here;
"I wonder what makes you ſo ſoon appear!
"But I can gueſs you come to gather dew:"
Away ſhe ſcour'd, ſaying, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare you well," ſaid I, "juſt as you pleaſe,"
And leap'd the wall with gay indifferent eaſe.
But when ſhe ſaw with how much eaſe I ſpake,
She came with a right trifling errand back:
Abus'd me firſt——then bade me ſend my dog,
To bring three ewes which ſtray'd upon the bog.
I ſmil'd, and ſo did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waiſt;
About her yielding waiſt—and took in truth
A ſtore of kiſſes from her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt her to my heart I preſt,
I thought my ſoul would leap out of my breaſt.
Between each kiſs ſhe often tried to ſcold,
But by her eyes another tale was told.
Dear Roger, when your Jenny tries ſuch tricks,
Do you ſo too, and never mind her freaks.
Indiff'rent ſeem, ſhe'll change her mood, my lad;
Go woo another, and ſhe'll run half mad.

SONG.

SANG. Tune, *Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtrae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe—then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an art
To hearten ane: for now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, reſt her ſaul! ſhe made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawſlock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blue:
With ſprainges like gowd, and filler croſs'd with black,
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel

SONG.

Dear Roger, when ſhe plays ſuch tricks,
And anſwers kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglects,
For women ſtill in love delight:
Deſpiſing men who quickly yield,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe—then keep the field,
And ſtill advance, you'll win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
'Tis by their eyes the truth is ſeen:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie! now Heav'n bleſs your honeſt heart!
You're ſtill ſo merry, and have ſuch an art
One's heart to cheer, e'en when 'tis like to break,
As mine was now, ere you began to ſpeak.
So, for your pains, a preſent I deſign,
(My mother, reſt her ſoul! ſhe made it fine;)
Spun from the ſofteſt wool—ſuch plaids but few—
Scarlet and green the checks, the borders blue:
With ſtreaks like gold, and ſilver croſs'd with black,
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, who have ſae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Weel, hald ye there:—and ſince ye've frankly made
To me a preſent of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny ſpring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And ſee gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, and a ſhave of cheeſe,
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the daintieſt gabs, were they ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat wi' health inſtead of ſpice.
When we ha'e ta'n the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t' ye like myſell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

You well deſerve it, who have been ſo kind
T' untwiſt my ravel'd doubts, and clear my mind.

PATIE.

Well, be it ſo—ſince you have frankly made
To me a preſent of your fine new plaid,
My flute is yours; and ſhe too, now ſo nice,
Will ſoon be kind, if you take my advice.

ROGER.

All you adviſe I promiſe to obſerve;
But keep the flute, which you ſo well deſerve.
Now take it out, let's have ſome clever thing,
For I'm in trim to hear you play and ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we'll take a turn up to the height,
And ſee if all our flocks be feeding right;
Then by that time our homely bread and cheeſe
Will make a breakfaſt that a ſquire might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the niceſt taſtes, had they the wit,
Inſtead of ſpice, with health to ſeaſon meat.
When we have had the grace-cup from that ſpring,
Then I ſhall do my beſt to play and ſing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where laſſés uſe tó waſh and ſpread their claes;
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles ſhining ſmooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, next gratify your ear;
While Jenny what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And Meg, with better ſenſe, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The waters clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the ſweets of ſpring and ſimmer grow.
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a ſingan din;
A pool breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes wi' eaſy whirls the bord'ring graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

A flow'ry vale, two verdant banks between,
Where laſſes waſh, and bleach their linen clean;
A purling brook runs winding thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles ſhining ſmooth and round:
Here view two barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, then gratify your ear;
Whilſt Jenny what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And Peg, with better ſenſe, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Peg, let's fall to work upon this green,
This ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the ſky unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Go farther up the ſtream to Habbie's How[h],
Where all the ſweets of ſpring and ſummer grow:
There, o'er a little cliff, 'tween two birch trees,
The water falls, and murmurs to the breeze;
A pool breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy whirls the bordering graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool,
And, when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,

There waſh ourſells.—It's healthfou now in May,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

JENNY.

Daft laſſié, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our two herds come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, laſſes, ye're no blate.

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony road, and out o' ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' diſdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, betwèen us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk penſylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breaſt with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, "How d'ye?"—or, "There's a bony day."

PEGGY.

Ye daſh the lad with conſtant ſlighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:

But

There bathe ourſelves.—'Tis healthful now in May,
And ſweetly cooling on ſo warm a day.

JENNY.

Mad girl! when we're undreſt, what will you ſay,
If our two ſhepherd lads ſhould come that way?
That jeering fellow Pate would cry in haſte,
"Faith, laſſes, I muſt ſay, you're not ſhame-fac'd."

PEGGY.

We're far from any road, and out of ſight,
Our ſhepherds feed their flocks beyond the height.
Now we're alone, dear Jenny, let me know,
Why with neglect you plague your lover ſo?
By all the neighbours it is clearly ſeen,
That Roger loves, that you his love diſdain.
What faults d'ye find? In truth, between us two,
The beſt day in the year he's worthy you.

JENNY.

I do not like him, Peggy, ſo have done;
A lad more ſheepiſh I have never known.
Full nice he combs his hair, and trim he goes,
And decks his bonnet blue with ribbon-bows;
Which with conceited air he wears aſide,
While garters fine below his knees are tied.
His cravat too's put on with niceſt care,
And few go neater to the church or fair;
But what of that? He ne'er has more to ſay,
Than, "How d'ye do?" or, "Here's a charming day."

PEGGY.

You daſh the lad with pride and ſlighting ſcorn,
Hatred for love! it is not to be borne:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld..
What like's a dorty maiden, when ſhe's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paſt,
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna ſit your time.

SANG. Tune, *Polwart on the Green.*

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld;
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt:
Thus by it ſell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a ſingle life a crime.

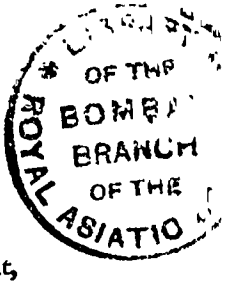
PEGGY.

Nor I—but love in whiſpers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

But you'll repent, ſoon as his love grows cold.
What is a haughty maid like when ſhe's old?
Like a ſpoil'd child, who quarrels with its meat,
And frets and cries for whims, and will not eat:
'Tis laugh'd at by the reſt till dinner's paſt,
And then the little fool's oblig'd to faſt,
Or take another's leavings at the laſt.
Dear Jenny, think, and do not loſe your time.

SONG.



You'll wiſh you had been kind,
If lover's heart grows cold;
For none your ſmiles will mind,
Soon as your face looks old.

The fondled child, who will not eat,
Although by hunger preſt,
And, whimpering, quarrels with its meat,
Is laugh'd at by the reſt.

They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt:
Thus by itſelf abus'd,
The fooliſh thing's oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a ſingle life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I—but love in whiſpers ſtill has ſaid,
That men and we were for each other made.

JENNY.

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himſell,
For ſic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe;
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.

PEGGY.

Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Heh, laſs! how can ye loo that rattle ſkull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I'll rin the riſk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year
Till I with pleaſure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breaſt I'll lean my head:
There he may kiſs as lang as kiſſing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no! 'tis good my part
To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraſe,

And

JENNY.

If Roger is my love, how ſhould I know?
For ſure I am he never told me ſo.
He looks and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe;
But who's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and ha's?
Whene'er he likes to ſpeak his mind more plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools who ſlav'ry love, and may be free;
The fellows may go hang themſelves for me.

PEGGY.

E'en take your way; for me, I have a mind,
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

How can you love that helter-ſkelter blade?
A very devil, that muſt be obey'd.
We ſoon ſhall hear what a poor wrangling life
You two will lead, when once you're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I'll run the riſk, nor have I any fear,
But rather think each tedious day a year,
Till I with pleaſure and with pride ſhall ſay,
How much I love, how willingly obey:
When I ſhall lay aſide my maiden art,
And give him love for love with all my heart;
And by the tendereſt kindneſs ever ſhow
That I deſerv'd the heart he did beſtow.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Make a great fuſs with fondneſs and with praiſe,

Fondling

And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But ſoon as his newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the nieſt he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlichoods ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG. Tune, *O, dear mother, what ſhall I do?*

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd.
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sic coarſe ſpun thoughts as that want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een:
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic throw my heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at little fears that fright the lave.

Ilk

Fondling you both in public and alone:
But ſoon as e'er the novelty is gone,
He'll view you as the captive does his chain,
And think he loſt his freedom you to gain.
Inſtead then of long days of ſweet delight,
One he'll be dumb, next ſcold from morn to night;
And, may be, in his wrangling moods beſtow
Upon his loving wife a hearty blow.

SONG.

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder fate betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carried,
Think on nought but being married;
And running to that ſtate deſtroys
Both cheerful peace, and youthful joys.

PEGGY.

Such vulgar thoughts as theſe want pow'r to move
My ſettled mind—I'm too far gone in love.
Patie to me is than my life more dear;
The loſs of him, the only ill I fear.
There's not a ſhepherd lad in many a mile
Has two ſuch ſparkling eyes, or ſuch a ſmile:
And then he ſpeaks with ſuch a winning art,
His words they thrill like muſic thro' my heart.
How gently can he ſport, and gaily jeſt,
At idle fears, that frighten all the reſt.

Each

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books, that teach him meikel ſkill:
He is—but what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a month to tell you what he is.
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill nature heffs in ſauls are weak and poor.

SANG. Tune, *How can I be ſad on my*, &c.

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour, weak, ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtue, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

JENNY.

Hey "Bonny Laſs of Brankſome," or't be lang,
Your witty Patie will put you in a ſang.
O 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging getts about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous din:
To make them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae wean fa's ſick, ane ſcads itſell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe.
The "Deel ga'es o'er John Wabſter:" hame grows hell;
When Pate miſcaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Each day that he's alone upon the hill,
He reads wiſe books, that teach him wit and ſkill:
He is—but what need I ſay that or this?
I'd take a month to tell you what he is.
In all he ſays or does there's ſuch an air;
Compar'd with him, the reſt but dolts appear.
His better ſenſe will long his love ſecure:
Ill nature haunts the ſoul that's weak and poor.

SONG.

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I've choſe,
That has better ſenſe than any of thoſe
Sour, weak, ſilly fellows, like fools and like knaves,
Who ſink their own joys by making us ſlaves.
The man who is prudent ne'er ſlights his own wife,
Nor with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife:
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

JENNY.

Ha, "Bonny Laſs of Brankſome[1]," ere 'tis long,
Your witty Pate will put you in a ſong.
O 'tis a pleaſant thing a bride to be;
Then round your fire the whimpering brats you ſee,
Squalling for this, for that, with teaſing din:
To make them rags then you muſt toil and ſpin.
One ſcalds itſelf with broth, and one falls ſick,
One loſes ſhoes, and one its head doth break.
The devil rules the roaſt, and home grows hell;
Abus'd by Patrick worſe than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Yes, it's a hartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are rife.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleaſure be
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at——their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight.

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the worſt of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews:
A dyver buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent:
'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour maunna want; he poinds your gear:
Syne driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a ſingle life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

To be a wife—yes, that's a happy ſtate,
When round the fire ſhe ſees ſweet children ſet.
If I'm ſo happy, I ſhall take delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
O, Jenny! can there greater pleaſure be
Than ſeeing playful infants at your knee;
When their firſt wiſh, and all they aim at, is
But to be fondled, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But pen'ry, Peggy, is the worſt of all,
If to your lot ill chance make begg'ry fall:
Your clothes all ragged, and your dinner ſcant—
There's little love or mirth where there is want.
Your cattle die, and floods may bear away
From off the meadows your fine ricks of hay—
Smother'd in wreaths of ſnow your wethers lie,
Rotten by plaſhy thaws your ewes may die:
Your butter, wool, and cheeſe, a dealer buys,
But ere the day of payment breaks and flies.
With threat'ning look the ſquire his rent demands:
You've none to give; 'tis in a bankrupt's hands:
He muſt be paid, and ſeizes what is left:
Where will you go, of houſe and home bereft?
Dear Peg, be wiſe, and live a ſingle life;
Believe me, 'tis no jeſt to be a wife.

PEGGY.

May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A well ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
For healſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the laird his due:
Syne a' behind's our ain——thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will ſteer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind:

They'll

PEGGY.

May ſuch ill luck befal that ſilly ſhe
Who has ſuch fears; they never troubled me.
Let's cheriſh hope, and ſtrive to do our beſt;
No more's requir'd; truſt heaven for the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle oft-times ſay,
That lads, for wives that virtuous, all ſhould pray;
As the moſt careful man could never get
A well-ſtor'd farm, unleſs his wife would let.
Then nothing ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to cheer my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he gains, I'll guide with prudent care,
And win a name at market, tronk, and fair,
For wholeſome, clean, and cheap ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome wool,
Shall firſt be ſold to pay the ſquire in *full*:
Then all behind's our own——*thus, without fear,*
In love and plenty we thro' life ſhall ſteer:
And when our children and our ſtores increaſe,
The day I was his wife my Pate will bleſs.

JENNY.

But what if ſome young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, bewitching eyes, be ſeen,
Will make your Patie think his half-worn Peg,
And her accuſtom'd kiſs, ſcarce worth a fig.

PEGGY.

No more of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
Some men more conſtant are in love than we;
Nor is the wonder great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind:

They'll reaſon caumly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleaſure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and ſecure his heart:
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane;
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pot's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-abag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford:
Good humour and white bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make ſure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide,
Suppoſe them ſome years ſyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
'Till wide their ſpreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt:

This

They'll reaſon calmly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our quick paſſions would our peace beguile;
So, when the wife at home meets with neglect,
That ſhe's in fault I'm ready to ſuſpect.
But I'll employ with pleaſure all my art
To keep him cheerful, and ſecure his heart:
At night, when he comes weary from the hill,
I'll have all things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' rain and wind,
A blazing fire and clean hearth-ſtone he'll find;
And ſoon as he throws by his plaid and ſtick,
The boiling pot from off the fire we'll take;
Clean huckaback I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford:
Good humour and the niceſt mobs ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A diſh of married love right ſoon turns cold,
And dwindles down to none, as folk grow old.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Our children, and their children, form a tie,
Stronger in love than aught that we can ſpy.
See yon two elms, that grow up ſide by ſide,
Suppoſe them ſome years ſince bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer every year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading branches are increas'd,
And in their union now completely bleſt:

This ſhields the other frae the eaſtlin blaſt;
That, in return, defends it frae the weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle (a ſtate ſae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk ſtorm frae every airth maun bow.

JENNY.

I've done—I yield, dear laſſie, I maun yield;
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little ſae
Lies dern'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG. Tune, *Nanſy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our boſoms lodge the ſae,
That by the heartſtrings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haſte, let him out; we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

This ſhields the other from the eaſtern blaſt;
That, in return, defends it from the weſt.
Such as ſtand ſingle (a ſtate ſo lik'd by you!)
Beneath each ſtorm from ev'ry point muſt bow.

JENNY.

I've done—I yield; dear Peggy, I muſt yield;
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little foe
That neſtled in my breaſt long, long ago.

SONG.

I yield, dear Peggy, you have won,
And there is no denying,
That, ſure as light flows from the ſun,
From love proceeds complying;
For all that we can ſay or do
'Gainſt love, the wiſe ne'er heed us;
They know our boſoms lodge the foe,
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alas, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's not fair,
That you'll not let the urchin take the air:
Haſte, let him out, and I ſhall well obſerve
If he does Bauldy or poor Roger ſerve.

JENNY.

Anither time's as good—for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant;
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this ſeems true, nae laſs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

JENNY.

Another time's as good—for ſee the ſun
Is very high, and we're not yet begun
To froth our ſope; and come our aunt this way,
A wicked ſcold we'll have for our delay;
But when we've done, I'll tell you all my mind;
For this ſeems true, no laſs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

SCOTCH.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug thack houſe, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byer;
A peet ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's—there you may ſee him lean,
And to his divet ſeat invite his frien.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, nibour Symon—come, ſit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your crummock, and her baſſend quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry:
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart——and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a turn,

Will

ENGLISH.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

A ſnug thatch'd houſe, before the door a green;
Fowls on the dunghill, ducks in pools are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtands a barn, a cow-houſe there;
A peat-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's—there by the door he ſits,
And to his ſeat of turf his friend invites.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, neighbour Symon—come, ſit down,
Let's have ſome talk—What's all the news in town?
You've ſold at market, as I've heard juſt now,
The white-fac'd heifer, and her mother too;
And bought, no doubt, tobacco cut and dry:
Out with your box; let's have a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With all my heart——but mark me now, old boy,
I've gotten news will tickle your heart with joy.
I could not reſt till I came here this morn,
To tell you things have taken ſuch a turn,

Our

Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtend like ſlaes,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy bław!—Ah, Symmie! rattling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like will-fire far and near;
Bul looſe your poke, be't true or fauſe let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have ſeen
Hab, that abroad hath with our Maſter been;
Our brave good Maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate to ſave his head,
Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſhine or ſet in glory with Montroſe:
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk,
Reſtor'd king Charles; and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby ſays, we'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

GLAUD.

That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna ſlaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and ſwear til't a'.
And ſaw ye Hab! and what did Halbert ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William ſhall enjoy his ain.

SANG.

SANG. Tune, *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.

Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.

And may he lang, for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
'Put on your bonnet, Symon——tak a ſeat——
How's all at hame?—how's Elſpa?—how does Kate?
'How ſells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?'
And ſic like kindly queſtions wad he ſpear.

SANG.

SONG.

Cold be the rebels caſt,
Thoſe bloody, baſe oppreſſors;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Hung up like vile tranſgreſſors.

Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.

And may he long! for never did he ſtint
Us in our thriving with a racking rent;
Nor grudg'd when one got rich; nor ſaid he'd raiſe
Our farms, for looking ſmart and fine, on holidays.

SYMON.

Nor would he long, with ſenſeleſs, ſaucy air,
E'er ſee, our old white heads, ſtand by him bare:
'Put on your bonnet, Symon——take a ſeat——
'How're all at home?—how's Elſpa? how does Kate?
'How ſell black cattle?—how goes wool this year?'
So kind did all his queſtions ſtill appear.

SANG. Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

The laird, who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To riſe aboon poverty;
Elſe, like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day:
We'll ſend for Elſpith too—and, upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith ſtout and brown;
And gar our cottars a man, wife, and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:

For

SONG.

The ſquire who his wiſdom would prove,
Be lov'd, and be honour'd, and rich,
Should encourage his tenants with love,
Not greedily try to o'erreach.—
As the horſe that we ſtarve and oppreſs,
Drops down in the midſt of the road,
Thus hardſhips do virtue depreſs
Till ſhe fainting ſinks under the load.

GLAUD.

Then quick his butler he would make appear,
With cheering bottles, and the glaſſes clear,
Which in our breaſts rais'd ſuch a pleaſing flame
That, when we left him, dancing home we came:
So joyful is my heart, dear neighbour, ſtay,
And take your dinner here with me to day—
We'll ſend for Elſpa too—and, upon ſight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger from the height;
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the next town,
And bring a load of ale, that's ſtout and brown;
And make our cottagers, both young and old,
Drink till they've loſt the way their feet to hold.

SYMON.

I would not baulk my friend, his blithe deſign,
If that it had not firſt of all been mine:—

For here yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reeſting in the nook:
I ſaw myſell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that ſcads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil—and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt;
Small are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty ingans with a curn of ſpice:
Fat are the puddings—heads and feet well ſung:
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our Maſter's health and welcome hame:
Ye maunna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt:
Bring wi'ye all your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like ye'r ſell, auld birky, never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear:
Faith, we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld:
Auld, ſaid I!—Troth, I'm younger by a ſcore,
With this good news, than what I was before:
I'll dance or een! hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER

With plenty of ſtrong ale my caſks are fill'd,
Two good fat wethers I have lately kill'd;
Three pecks of niceſt cakes bak'd by our dame,
And, hanging by the fire, a large fat ham.—
I ſaw myſelf, ere I the lane came down,
Our largeſt pot that makes the whey put on,
One of the ſheep to boil—and one we'll roaſt,
And on the minc'd meat Elſpa ſpares no coſt—
Small is it chopt, and ſhe can mix full nice
The ſav'ry onion with the ſav'ry ſpice:—
Rich are the puddings, nice the head and feet,
And neighbours old and young we do invite
To drink Sir William's health and welcome home,
And paſs in mirth and glee the hours to come:
You muſt not then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since you're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.—
Bring with you all your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll feaſt with you again.—

GLAUD.

Spoke like yourſelf, old boy! and never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear.—
Faith we ſhall ſend it round, till we look bold—
Till we forget we're either fail'd or old.—
Old, ſaid I!—Faith I'm younger by a ſcore
With this good news, than what I was before—
I'll dance ere night—ho! Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here—
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

GLAUD.

Spin! ſnuff! gae break your wheel and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet-ſtack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

MADGE.

Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you o't?

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobit bands,
My whyt-ſkin hoſe, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'r ſells as trig, head, feet, and waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honeſt Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gone wild!—Dear Symon, welcome here;
What would you, Glaud, with all this noiſe and haſte?
To ſpin a thread, you never let one reſt.

GLAUD.

Spin! burn your tow: your wheel you next may break,
And in a flame go ſet the great peat-ſtack—
Then round the bonfire dance till you drop down,
Since we ſhall ſee the good Sir William ſoon.

MADGE.

Glad news indeed! but by whom were they brought?

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—go get my Sunday's coat—
Look out the whiteſt of my nice fring'd bands,
My milk-white ſtockings, gloves too for my hands—
Then from the waſhing call the girls in haſte,
And make yourſelves as neat, head, feet, and waiſt,
As you were all to wed young men to day—
We dine with Symon—quick—make no delay—.

SYMON.

Do, honeſt Madge!—and, Glaud, I'll haſten home,
To ſee that all's in order when you come.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field——A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.
At a ſmall diſtance by a blaſted tree,
With falded arms and haff-rais'd look ye ſee
Bauldy his lane.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be ſae burnt with love, yet dar na tell!
O Peggy, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the foreſt grows.
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew out-ſhines;
The lily in her breaſt its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deid, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate loes her!—waes me! and ſhe loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beaſt,
That makes raſh aiths 'till he's afore the prieſt.
I dar na ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:

'Tis

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

The open field, and deep down in a dale,
A little hut, where turning round her wheel
An aged woman in the ſun is ſet
Warming her chilly limbs before his heat:
At a ſmall diſtance by a blaſted tree,
With folded arms and looks half wild you ſee
Bauldy alone.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this! I cannot bear't—'Tis worſe than hell,
To be burnt up with love, yet dare not tell!—
O Peggy! ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than daiſy'd dales, or new-mown hay;
Blither than lambs that friſk o'er hillocks green,
In all the foreſt nought ſo ſtraight is ſeen.—
Her eyes like dew-drops ſparkling on a roſe;
And lilies in her breaſt their beauties loſe;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her eyes, her mouth,
Will bring me to my grave in early youth—
For Pate loves her—woes me! and ſhe loves Pate—
And I with Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a raſh vow—Oh! but one be an aſs
That makes raſh oaths before the prieſt ſay grace.
I dare not ſpeak my mind, elſe all the three
Doubtleſs would prove each one my enemy—

'Tis ſair to thole—I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break with ane and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives, a witch, that for ſma' price,
Can caſt her cantraips, and give me advice:
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirkyard ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low,
And ſeven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes;
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates—and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of prins; the deviliſh pictures melt;
The pain by fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonder's Mauſe; ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil:
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard;
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt, that deils and laſſes drive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

'Tis hard to bear—I'll try ſome witchcraft art
To break with one, and win the other's heart—
Now here lives Mauſe—a witch that for ſmall price,
By magic arts, can give me wiſe advice—
She can o'ercaſt the night, o'er cloud the moon,
And call up devils! her errands black to run—
At midnight hours the churchyard o'er ſhe raves,
And digs unchriſten'd infants from their graves;
Then, in a wizard's ſcull, their livers boils,
While backward round the hemlock ſtame ſhe toils;
Then ſhe her prayers revers'd will ſeven times ſay,
Till Satan comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom, of black toads, and ſnakes—
Of this her baneful images ſhe makes
Of thoſe ſhe hates—then cauſes them t' expire
With ſlow and racking pains before the fire—
Stuck full of pins the deviliſh pictures melt—
The pains by thoſe they repreſent are felt.—
Yonder ſits Mauſe—full well by her 'tis known,
When ſuch as I unto the devil run—
She and her cat ſit in the yard to baſk—
Faith! I'm afraid to name what I'm to aſk—
But ſpeak I muſt, though I ſhould never thrive—
They gallop faſt whom maids and devils drive—.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water poplin ſprings,
There ſits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

SANG. Tune, *Carle and the King come.*

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come:
Nae mair the hawkeys ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and feir at threeſcore ten.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun,
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead—to threſh, nae corn?

BAULDY.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

A cottage garden, fountain cold,
Where bubbling water ſprings—
There ſits a woman wrinkled old,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

SONG.

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may'ſt dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
No more the cows ſhalt thou go milk,
But change thy coat of plaid for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk[1],
Peggy, ſince the king's come.—

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does old honeſt goody of the dale?—
At threeſcore ten you look both briſk and hale.—

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And baſking my cold limbs before the ſun.—
What brings my child this way ſo ſoon at morn?
Is there no field to dung?—to threſh no corn?—

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

Enough of baith—But ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand, alake! What can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?

BAULDY.

Well vers'd in herbs, and ſeaſons of the moon,
By ſkilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye ha' done.

MAUSE.

What fowk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When laſt the wind made Glaud a roofleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came;
When Beſſy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna ſtand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſel amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill, and ſwat wi' fright,
When he brought eaſt the Howdy under night;

When

BAULDY.

Enough of both—but ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs all my deſires.—

MAUSE.

My helping hand! alas! what can I do,
That underneath both age and pen'ry bow?

BAULDY.

But you are wiſe—above us all you're wiſe,
Or moſt part of the pariſh muſt tell lies.—

MAUSE.

Of what kind wiſdom think you I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character above the reſt?

BAULDY.

Well vers'd in herbs, and ſeaſons of the moon,
By ſkilful charms 'tis known what you have done.—

MAUSE.

What folks ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear,—
Keep nothing from me, nought you have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well—ſince that you have bid me—I'll obey,
And tell you truly what the neighbours ſay—
When laſt the wind made Glaud a roofleſs barn;
When laſt the brook bore down my mother's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never more came home;
When Tibby churn'd, and butter never came;
When Beſſy Freetock's chopping little one
A fairy turn'd, and could not ſtand alone;
When Wattie wander'd all night in the wood,
And ſnow and fear had almoſt froze his blood;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill, and ſweat for fright,
As he the midwife brought on a dark night;

When

When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out:
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And ſae they may that mean to do do ye ſkaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt make groats, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a furlet of them mixt with peaſe.

MAUSE.

I thank ye, lad,—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and ſlee,
And looes ſweet Meg—But Neps I downa ſee—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happieſt man.

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your peaſe and groats, take ye na care.

BAULDY.

Well, Mauſe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raiſe the deil, he'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night ſae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feaſt,
O will ye come like badrans for a jeſt;

And

When Bawſy dropt down dead upon the green,
And Sarah loſt a fillet ne'er more ſeen;—
You, Goody, got the blame of all fell out[m],
And every neighbour dreads you all about;—
And ſo they may, that mean to do you ill;—
For me, I ne'er ſhall wrong you with my will:
But when I next make groats, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with three pecks of them, well mixt with peaſe.

MAUSE.

Thank you, my lad! now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then I love Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy loves Patie—brave and ſly is he—
And loves Sweet Peg—but Neps I hate to ſee.
Could you turn Patie's love to Neps—and then
Peggy's to me—I'd be the happieſt man!—

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to make the bowls run right—
So go away and come again at night;
By that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your peaſe and groats—ſo baniſh care.—

BAULDY.

Well, Mauſe, I'll come, if I the road can find;—
But if you raiſe the devil, he'll raiſe the wind;—
Then, when 'tis late, the rain and thunder may
So diſmal make the night, I'll loſe my way.
We're all to meet at Symon's at a feaſt,
O! come you like a cat, juſt for a jeſt!

And

And there ye can our different haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

'Tis likè I may—but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

MAUSE HER LANE.

This fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Becauſe by edùcation I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought:
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now ſince the royal Charles, and right's reſtor'd,
A ſhepherdeſs is daughter to a lord.
The *bonny foundling* that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her beſtow'd,
Her infant life I ſav'd, when a falſe friend
Bow'd to th' Uſurper, and her death deſign'd,
To eſtabliſh him and his in all theſe plains
That by right heritage to her pertains:
She's now in her ſweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a ſhepherd's arms:
Nane kens't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

SCENE

And then you can our different manners ſpy;
There's none ſhall know that's there, ſave you and I.

MAUSE.

Moſt like I may—but tell not you what's paſt
'Tween you and me—or dread ſome woful caſt.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me every night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

MAUSE ALONE.

This fool imagines, as do many ſuch,
I've bargain'd with the Devil, and am a witch—
Becauſe by education I've been taught
To ſpeak and act above their common thought—
Their groſs miſtakes ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they know what brought, what keeps me here,
Now ſince the royal Charles and right's reſtor'd,
A ſhepherdeſs is daughter to a lord.—
This *pretty foundling* that's brought up by Glaud,
Who has an uncle's care on her beſtow'd,
Her infant life I ſav'd, when a falſe friend
Bow'd to the Uſurper, and her death deſign'd,
To give him and his heirs right to thoſe plains
That by inheritance are her domains:—
She's now in life's ſweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a ſhepherd's arms:
None knows but I;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will make them all ſit dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna ſtay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away.

PATIE.

I'm laith to part ſae ſoon now we're alane,
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The ſcented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy pleaſe.

PATIE.

Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind,

Gif

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

Behind a tree upon the plain
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love which not one thought doth ſtain,
The pretty laſs and cheerful ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me go—I muſt not ſtay,
We're both call'd home, and Jenny ſhe's away.

PATIE.

I'm loth to part ſo ſoon now we're alone,
And Roger he is off with Jenny gone;—
If I may judge from what I hear or ſee
They're as content to be alone as we.—
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Near by this little riv'let let us lean:
Hark how the larks are chanting o'er our heads!—
How ſoft the weſtern winds ſigh through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The ſcented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I know, may more than Peggy pleaſe.

PATIE.

You wrong me much, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſo, you call me dull and blind,—

Gif I could fancy aught's ſae ſweet or fair
As my ſweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:
With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield:
The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick for ſome wicked end may fleech,
And lambs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna ſtay,—ye joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrank the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap:
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim,—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or doon,
Shall do thee wrang, I ſwear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith——but mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither laſs your heart ſhou'd ſteal,
Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

If I could fancy aught ſo ſweet or fair
As my dear Peg, or worthy of my care.—
Thy breath excels ſweet-brier that ſcents the gale,
Thy cheeks and breaſt the flowers that paint the vale:—
Thy words excel the moſt delightful note
That warbles through the thruſh or blackbird's throat:
With thee I heed no flower that decks the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield:—
The ſweeteſt fruits that hang upon the tree
Are far inferior to one kiſs of thee.

PEGGY.

To ſooth and then deceive, you may diſſemble,
And when the foxes preach the lambs ſhould tremble.
You ſly one, let me go—I dare not ſtay,
Or ſwear my innocence you'll ne'er betray.

PATIE.

Sooner unnatural ſhall a mother be,
And wrong the babe that ſmiles upon her knee:
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The goats to climb, the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere word or thought of mine ſhall wrong my love,—
I ſwear by yon bright ſun—by all above.—

PEGGY.

Then keep your oath—but many lads will ſwear,
And perjur'd be to two in one half year:—
Now that you like me wond'rous well I ſee,
But ſhould another ſteal your heart from me,
Forſaken Peg might unredreſs'd relate
How ſhe was once belov'd by faithleſs Pate.

PATIE.

I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year;
I mind it well, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanſy know or raſhy ſtrand;
Thou ſmiling by my ſide,—I took delight
To pou the raſhes green with roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and ſnood.

PEGGY.

When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG. Tune, *Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.*

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking firſt ſeyd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie no pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn riggs way'd yellow, and blew hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing fells.
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

PATIE.

I'm ſure I cannot change,—you need not fear,
Though we're but young I've lov'd you many a year;—
I mind it well, ere thou could'ſt walk along,
Or liſp out words, I choſe thee from the throng—
Of little ones,—and led thee by the hand,
Oft to the tanſy bank or ruſhy ſtrand;
Thou ſmiling by my ſide,—I took delight
To pull the ruſhes green with roots ſo white,
Which mixt with flowers to belts and garlands wove,
As my young fancy taught, bedeck'd my love[n].

PEGGY.

When firſt thou went'ſt with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes firſt tried my ſkill,
To bear the milking pail ne'er gave me pain,
When at the fold on nights I met my ſwain.

SONG.

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear lad he went to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking firſt tried my young ſkill,
The milk-pail to carry no pain was to me,
If at the ſheep-folding I chanc'd to meet thee.

PATIE.

When corn fields wav'd yellow, and purple heath bells,
Bloom'd lovely on moorlands and ſweet riſing hills,
What ever gave trouble was nothing to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fane;
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the "Cowden broom knows,"
And Roſie lilts ſwiftly the "Milking the ews;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nanſy can ſing,
At "Throw the wood laddie," Beſs gars our lugs ring,
But when my dear Peggy ſings with better ſkill,
The "Boatman, Tweed-ſide, or the Laſs of the Mill,"
'Tis mony times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fane:
At all theſe ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny ſings ſaft the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
And Roſie lilts the "Milking of the ews;"

There's

PEGGY.

When thou ran'ſt, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtone,
My heart beat with gladneſs, when thou the prize won.
Thy every ſport manly gave pleaſure to me,
For none can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſoftly the "Cowden broom knows,"
And Roſie chants ſweetly the "Milking the ewes,"
And few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can ſing,
In "Through the wood laddie," Beſs makes our ears ring.
But when my dear Peggy ſings with better ſkill,
The "Boatman, Tweed-ſide, or the Laſs of the Mill,"
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me,
For though they ſing well, yet they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes truſt what they deſire!
And praiſing ſo kindly increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

PATIE.

When corn grew yellow, and the ſweet heath-bells,
Bloom'd lovely on the moors and riſing hills,
Furze, briers, or new-burnt heath ne'er troubled me,
If I found purple berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the ſtone,
My heart with gladneſs beat when thou didſt win:
At all theſe ſports thou ſtill gav'ſt joy to me,
For none can wreſtle, run, or putt like thee.

PATIE.

Jenny ſings ſoft the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
And Roſie chants the "Milking of the ewes;"

There's nane, like Nanſy, "Jenny Nettles" ſings:
At turns in "Maggy Lawder," Marion dings:
But when my Peggy ſings with ſweeter ſkill
The "Boatman," or the "Laſs of Patie's Mill,"
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me;
Tho' they ſing well, they canna ſing like thee.

PEGGY.

How eith can laſſes trow what we deſire,
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

PATIE.

Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly, ſenſeleſs tales believe,
Be blyth for ſilly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou in better ſenſe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly,—now a kindly kiſs,
Or five ſcore good anes wad not be amiſs;

And

In "Jenny Nettles" Nancy does ſurpaſs:
For "Maggy Lauder" Marion is the laſs:
But when my Peggy ſings with better ſkill
The "Boatman;" or the "Laſs of Patie's Mill,"
It is a thouſand times more ſweet to me;—
Though they ſing well—they cannot ſing like thee.—

PEGGY.

With eaſe we ſoon believe what we deſire,
And, prais'd by one we love, blows up the fire;
But who loves beſt, let time and conduct try,
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.—
Be ſtill as now, and all my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

PATIE.

Like many a one, a gigling fool wert thou,
Who ſeem as void of breeding as a cow,
At nought they'll wonder—ſenſeleſs tales believe,—
Be glad for trifles, and for trifles grieve—
Such ne'er could win my love, that know not how
Either to keep a heart, or yet prove true:—
Without a flaw, much better ſenſe thou haſt,
And beauty too, that far excels the reſt.
Continue kind, and all my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is to thee.

PEGGY.

Now we're agreed;—but, hark! we muſt away,
My aunt doth call,—they'll wonder at our ſtay.—

PATIE.

And let them wonder—now a kindly kiſs,
Or five ſcore good ones would not be amiſs;—

And ſyne we'll ſing the ſang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing firſt, ſyne claim your hyre—

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

SANG. *To its ane Tune.*

PATIE.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her power,
Like unripe fruit will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tyne, and ſae may ye;
Red-cheek'd ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY (*falling into Patie's arms.*)

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

And then the ſong we'll ſing with mirth and glee,
That I laſt week made up on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing firſt, then claim your hire—

PATIE.

Well, I agree.—

SONG.

PATIE.

By all the ſmiling beauties of thy mouth,
And ſoften'd eyes that ſweetly tell the truth,
I gueſs, my laſs, that thou as well as I,
Art made for love, then why ſhould'ſt thou deny?

PEGGY.

But know ye, lad, if we confeſs too ſoon,
You think us cheap, and then the wooing's done:
The maiden that too ſoon gives up her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taſte but hard and ſour.

PATIE.

But if they hang too long upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may loſe, and ſo may ye:
Like full ripe fruit your glowing cheeks appear,
And I have ſigh'd and woo'd a long half year.

PEGGY *(falling into his arms.)*

Then do not pull me, gently thus I fall
Into my Patie's arms for good and all:
But don't betray your truſt, and there's my hand
Whene'er the prieſt ſays grace, you ſhall command.

PATIE.

PATIE *(with his left hand about her waiſt.)*
O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live lang day;
All night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day;
And if you're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Let down the curtain, and let them kiſs.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

PATIE *(with his left hand about her waiſt.)*
O charming truſt! away, my cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure all the live long day;
And when 'tis night, then I ſhall dream of thee,
'Till that one comes that gives thee all to me.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the weſtern ſkies,
Go ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about that happy day;
Then, if you're weary, honeſt light,
Take a whole week to make one night.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

SCOTCH.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lyme,
And tent a man whaſe beard ſeems bleech'd with time;
Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been;
But whiſht it is the knight in maſquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I loſt—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joys, ſome proſpects pains renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The caſements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'ſtry all bereft.

My

ENGLISH.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lime,
Obſerve a man, whoſe beard ſeems bleach'd with time;
A yard wand in his hand; his habit mean;
No doubt you think he has a pedler been—
But, huſh! the knight has this diſguiſe put on,
And comes in maſquerade to ſee his ſon.—
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Through his old avenues, once delightful groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

THE gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I loſt, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joys, ſome proſpects pains renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! how deſolate it looks,
Without a roof; the gates fall'n of their hooks,
The caſements broken down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapeſtry all bereft.

My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens once adorn'd the moſt compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their ſtalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the riſing ample ſhade,
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches ſpread,
Baſking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the uſe;
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lie,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to ſee my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too ſoon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, e'er the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth
Till we ſhou'd ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn
After his fleecy charge, ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts how chearfully
A calm contented mortal ſpends his time
In health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crime.

SANG.

My ſtables, and pavilions, ruins all!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying fall.
My gardens, once adorn'd the moſt complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebbled walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their ſtalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the ample riſing ſhade
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches ſpread,
Baſking in ſunbeams, early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the uſe:
All fall'n in gapes the walls in ruins lie,
And from what ſtands, the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to ſee my boy,
My ſole ſupport, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too-ſoon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,
Charging him ſtrictly to conceal his birth
'Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the heights and lawn
After his fleecy charge, ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling out the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Removed from crowns and courts how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal ſpends his time
In health and peace, with ſoul unſtain'd by crime.

SANG. Tune, *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day:
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unſullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and ſing.
[*Exit* Sir William.

SCENE

SONG.

Hid from himſelf, by early light,
As new blown roſes, freſh and bright,
He ranges o'er the lawn and height
After his bleating flocks;
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Bleſt life that's from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſy,
Where truth and love, with joy agree,
Polluted with no crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
Supporting of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, ne'er miſtruſting fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now to good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and ſing.
[*Exit* Sir William.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in
And viſſy't round and round,
There's nought ſuperfl'ous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peat ingle
Glances amidſt the floor:
The green horn ſpoons, beech luggies mingle
On ſkelfs forgainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We anes were young our ſells—I like to ſee
The bairns bob round with other merrylie:
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':
And tells his tale the clev'reſt of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.

He

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

'Tis Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in
And view it round and round;
There's nought ſuperfl'ous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean—a fire of peats
Is blazing on the floor.
The green horn ſpoons, beech bowls and plates
On ſhelves that front the door.
The young folks on the green dance light,
The old ones think it beſt
With good brown ale to clear their ſight,
Take ſnuff, and chat, and reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We once were young ourſelves—I like to ſee
The young folks foot it round ſo merrily:
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a handſome lad
As one could wiſh, he's tall and tightly made;
Amongſt our youths I think he bears the bell,
And beſt amongſt them all he tells his tale.

ELSPA.

He's a great comfort to us both, poor lad,
God make him good, and keep him from what's bad;

He is a bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better—be't ſhe were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools myſell.

GLAUD.

What reaſon can ye have? There's nane I'm ſure,
Unleſs he may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourſcore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at ſpaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

SYMON.

Or this day eight-days likely he ſhall learn
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

GLAUD.

He's well worth all our care, that I will ſay,
And ne'er gave us vexation, night nor day.

GLAUD.

I think, my dame, if I am not miſtaken,
He ſeems to be with Peggy's beauty taken:
She is a tidy maid as one can ſee,
And well you know, more pretty need not be,
Nor better, though ſhe were no kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's arch, and will be ill to catch;
And ere he were, for reaſons that I know,
I rather would be in the earth laid low.

GLAUD.

What reaſons can you have? there's none I'm ſure,
Unleſs you ſlighting ſay that ſhe is poor:
But if that Peggy marries to my mind
I'll be to her as my own Jenny kind;
With my own mark, fourſcore of teeming ewes;
That fill a churn at once, five good milch cows,
I'll give to Peggy, that day ſhe's a bride;
O'er and above, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at weaning time, as long's I live,
And two cow-calves I'll yearly to them give.

ESPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud! but aſk not now
What may be is not fit that you ſhould know.

SYMON.

Ere this day week ſome things may come to light
Will ſhew him our denial is no ſlight.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Well, nae mair o't;—come, gi's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud? By ſome 'tis ſaid
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallon-ſide, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That clattern Madge, my titty, tells ſic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard;
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can ſay,
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to-day.

[*Exit* JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

GLAUD.

Spae men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns

GLAUD.

Whatever way it ends let's have a glaſs,
And drink good health to both the lad and laſs.
[*Their healths go round.*

SYMON.

But will you tell me, Glaud? by ſome 'tis ſaid
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your door, upon a morn in May,
Nicely wrapt up, and bedded on new hay,

GLAUD.

My chattering ſiſter Madge ſuch ſtuff reports
Whenever Peg her wayward humour thwarts.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father! there's an old man on the green,
The clev'reſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He views our palms, and then pulls out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gives our brows a look:
Then tells the oddeſt tales that e'er were heard;
His head is grey, and long and grey his beard.

SYMON.

Go bring him in, we'll hear what he can ſay;
None ſhall go hungry by my houſe to-day.
[*Exit* JENNY.
But for his fortune-telling, faith I fear
He knows no more of that than my grey mare.

GLAUD.

In fortune-tellers' tales I always doubt,
For greater liars do not go about.

JENNY

Returns JENNY *bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; *with them* PATIE.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome, honeſt carle—here, tak a ſeat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give ye thanks, goodman, Iſe no be blate.

GLAUD *(drinks.)*

Come, t'ye, friend—How far came ye the day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
Rouſted with eild, a wie piece gate ſeems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome here to ſtay all night wi' me,
And tak ſic bed and board as we can gi'e.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unſought:—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON *(poin ng to* PATIE.*)*

Only that lad—alack! I have nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, let's ſee your hand—what gars ye ſneer?

PATIE.

Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth, I fear.

JENNY *returns bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; *with them* PATIE.

SYMON.

You're welcome, friend, here, take a ſeat by me.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give you thanks, and ſhall not baſhful be.

GLAUD.

Friend, to your health;—How far came you to-day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge you, neighbour, but a little way:
Ruſted with age, ſhort roads ſeem long to me,
The moſt that I can go's two miles or three.

SYMON.

Here ſtay with me to-night, and take your reſt,
Such as I have, you're welcome to the beſt.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unaſk'd—a fav'rite child have you
Whom you love well, and would his fortune know,
I ſhall employ the utmoſt of my ſkill
To tell it truly, be it good or ill.

SYMON *(pointing to* PATIE.*)*

Only that lad—alas! I have no more,
Either to pleaſe my heart or make it ſore.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, ſhew me your hand--what makes you ſneer?

PATIE.

Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth, I fear.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point—but billy, byde,
I'll wager there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

ELSPA.

Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deel's owre girt wi' you:
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

SIR WILLIAM.

I tell ye mair, if this young lad be ſpair'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

ELSPA.

A laird!—Hear ye, goodman—What think ye now?

SYMON.

I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S *health gaes round.*

PATIE.

A laird of twa good whiſtles and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great eſtate—and like to be;
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON.

Whiſht, Patie—let the man look owre your hand,
Aftymes as broken a ſhip has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM *looks a little at* PATIE'*s hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

ELSPA.

SIR WILLIAM.

You cut before the point—judge me when try'd,
I'll wager there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

ELSPA.

The Lord protect us!—I know well that's true;
Away, away—the devil's too great with you:
The mark's beneath his arm-pit inches four,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he a ſhirt firſt wore.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'll tell you more—in a ſhort time you'll ſee
That this young man a fine rich 'ſquire will be.

ELSPA.

Huſband, d'ye hear—a 'ſquire! What think ye now?

SYMON.

I do not know—Strange old man, what art thou?
But bleſs your heart—'tis good to promiſe wealth;
Come, fill a bumper to 'ſquire Patie's health.

[PATIE's *health goes round.*

PATIE.

A ſheep-crook and two flutes—of theſe I'm ſquire,
Two truſty dogs, my faithful tenants are;
Such is my great eſtate, and like to be,
So cunning man, don't break your jeſts on me.

SYMON.

Huſh, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand,
Ofttimes as broken a ſhip has made the land.

[SIR WILLIAM *looks at* PATIE's *hand, then counterfeits a faint, whilſt they endeavour to place him right.*]

ELSPA.

ELSPA.

Preſerve's!—the man's a warlock, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good, or ſecond-ſight at leaſt:
Where is he now?—

GLAUD.

He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

Theſe ſecond-ſighted fowks, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb—wow! can he tell
(Speer at him ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir William? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

He'll ſoon grow better—Elſpa, haſte ye, gae
And fill him up a taſs of uſquebae.

SIR WILLIAM *(ſtarts up and ſpeaks.)*

" A Knight that for a LYON fought
" Againſt a herd of bears,
" Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
" In which ſome thouſands ſhares:
" But now again the LYON rares,
" And joy ſpreads o'er the plain.
" The LYON has defeat the bears,
" The Knight returns again.
" The Knight in a few days ſhall bring
" A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
" And ſhall preſent him to the King,
" A ſubject true and bauld:

" He

ELSPA.

Defend us! he's a wizard, or poſſeſt
With what's not good, or ſecond-ſight at leaſt:
Where is he now?

GLAUD.

He's ſeeing all that's done
In every place, beneath, beyond the moon.

ELSPA.

Theſe ſecond-ſighted folks[P], God's grace be here!
See things far off, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb—O can he tell—
Aſk him as ſoon as ever he is well,
When we'll Sir William ſee--Huſh! his breaſt he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words like one that raves.

SYMON.

He'll ſoon be better—Elſpa, haſte away
And fill him up a glaſs of uſquebaugh.

SIR WILLIAM *(ſtarts up and ſpeaks.)*

" A Knight that for a LION fought
" Againſt a herd of bears,
" Was to long toil and trouble brought,
" In which ten thouſand ſhares:
" The LIONS roar, again he hears,
" And joy ſpreads o'er the plain,
" The LION has defeat the bears,
" The Knight returns again.
" The Knight in a few days ſhall bring
" A ſhepherd from the fold,
" And ſhall preſent him to his king,
" A ſubject true and bold:

" He Mr. Patrick ſhall be call'd—
" All you that hear me now
" May well believe what I have tald,
" For it ſhall happen true."

SYMON.

Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and well;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your ſleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them never faſh your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

SYMON.

You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken
The wimpled meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

'Tis nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh we trow at ony rate.

SIR WILLIAM.

Whiſht! doubtfu' carle; for e'er the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

" And Mr. Patrick ſhall he be—
" All you that liſten round,
" May without doubt rely on me,
" That this ſhall truth be found."

SYMON.

May it happen ſoon and well, as you have ſaid,
But with Old Nick you've bargain'd, I'm afraid,
To tell ſome tales that folks would ſecret keep;
Or do you get them told you in your ſleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them trouble not your head,
I come not telling fortunes to be paid:
But I'll lay ten to one with any here
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

SYMON.

From whatſoever ſource your knowledge flow,
They're here that know, and here that do not know,
The hidden meaning of your wond'rous tale,
Which ſoon will make a noiſe o'er hill and dale.

GLAUD.

'Tis no ſmall jeſt to hear how Symon takes,
And truſts as goſpel all the old man ſpeaks
Of marv'lous fortunes Patie's ſoon to have;
But what we wiſh we eaſily believe.

SIR WILLIAM.

Huſh! doubting man—for e'er the ſun
Has driv'n down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid you ſhall ſee done
In part, or no more credit me.

GLAUD.

We'll be't ſae, friend; I ſhall ſay nathing mair,
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Nae mair through ſecrets can I ſift
Till darkneſs black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae reſt a while content.

SYMON.

Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch butt ſome meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld ſtranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hoſpitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire.
Well but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I'll out a ſpace, and ſee the young anes play;
My heart's ſtill light, abeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

GLAUD.

So be it, friend—and I ſhall hold my tongue,
I have two well grown laſſes, fair and young,
Juſt fit for marriage—I wiſh you could foretell
Such luck for them, the tale would pleaſe me well.

SIR WILLIAM.

No more through ſecrets can I pry,
Till darkneſs does return;
But once a day that gift have I,
So reſt content till morn.

SYMON.

Elſpa, come lay the cloth, and bring ſome meat,
And, of our beſt, make this old ſtranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay awhile your hoſpitable care,
I rather wiſh this ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower to take a walk,
And have with you, kind friend, ſome private talk.

SYMON.

When e'er you pleaſe I'll do as you deſire;
And, Glaud, you'll ſmoke your pipe beſide the fire.
We'll but go round the place, and ſoon come back,
Then ſup together, take our pint, and talk.

GLAUD.

I ſhall ſtep out and ſee the young ones play;
My heart's ſtill light, although my locks be grey.

[*Exeunt.*

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, well hid frae ſight, they meet;
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.

POOR SHEPHERD.

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye'r ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

JENNY.

And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye'r to ſeek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

An errand home young Jenny feigns,
And Roger drops the reſt
To whiſper out his melting pains,
And thaw his ſweetheart's breaſt.
Behind a buſh they meet, hid from each eye;
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to cry.

POOR SHEPHERD.

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I would ſpeak if you would hear,
But your ſo ſcornful that I'm aw'd with fear.

JENNY.

And what would Roger ſay, if he could ſpeak?
Am I obliged to gueſs what you're to ſeek?

ROGER.

Yes, you may eaſily gueſs for what I long,
Both by my eyes, my ſighs, and fault'ring tongue:
Now ſpeak I muſt, though I ſhould riſk your ſcorn,
Your never from my thoughts night, noon, nor morn.
Ah! could I love you leſs, I'd happy be,
But happier far! could you but fancy me.

JENNY.

And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I loo my father, cuſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny?—ſayna that again,
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

JENNY.

Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee you ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How ſweet we breath whene'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to give conſent,
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent:
When priſon'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when for ſake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare;

Or

JENNY.

And who knows, honeſt lad, but that I may?
You cannot ſay that e'er I ſaid you nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my fearful heart begins to fail,
When ever I attempt to tell my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, more rich than I,
Hath won your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I love my father, couſin Peg I love,
But to this day no man my heart could move:
Except my kin, each lad's alike to me;
And from you all I beſt had keep me free.

ROGER.

How long, dear Jenny?—ſay not that again,
What pleaſure can you take in giving pain?
I'm glad however that you yet are free;
Who knows but you'll relent and pity me?

JENNY.

You have my pity now, to ſee you ſet
On that which makes you all our ſweets forget:
O! but we're pretty, good, and every thing!
Our breath how ſweet when we are kiſs'd or ſing!
But ſoon as we're the fools to give conſent,
Our power we loſe, our folly we repent:
A wife! a pris'ner! and right tame become,
Although the firſt, the greateſt drudge at home.

ROGER.

That's but the caſe when int'reſt we prefer,
And chuſe a wife as we would buy a mare:

Or

Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn) ſtill to delight in thee.

JENNY.

What ſugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a':
I've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
And ſoon the fleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies;
I've ſeen the ſilver ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile,
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded, ſink in calmeſt night:
I've ſeen the ſpring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean, without ſtain:
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG. Tune, *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang a black ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

Or when dull parents thoſe together bind
Of differing tempers, ſuch can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Though you ſhould ſcorn me, ſtill to doat on thee.

JENNY.

What ſugar'd words from lovers lips can fall!
But ſnarling marriage comes and ends them all:
I've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
Then fleety clouds ſoon darken all the ſkies;
I've ſeen the ſilver ſpring awhile run clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile;
But ſoon contention all their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night;
I've ſeen the ſpring run winding through the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean, without ſtain:
The bridegroom may be glad, the bride may ſmile,
Rejoice through life, and all thoſe fears beguile.

SONG.

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you'd conſtant prove,
You ſhould no more complain;
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has long a kindneſs had for thee,
Wiſhing to pair with thine.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline!
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead,
Is Jenny then ſae kind?——
O let me brize thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytfu' thought, we'll never part!
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but ſure ye lang would love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure's like to be my deid.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brize thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*

JENNY.

With equal joy my ſafter heart does yield,
To own thy well try'd love has won the field.

Now

ROGER.

I'm happy now, O! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline!
This pleaſure ſtrikes me almoſt dead,
Will Jenny then be mine?——
O let me preſs thee to my heart,
My arms around thee twine:
Delightful thought, we'll never part!
Come join thy lips to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but certain you would conſtant prove,
The feweſt words would gain my heart to love:
For I muſt own, ſince you at laſt ſpeak free,
Though I did jeſt, I lov'd to be with thee;
And ever felt a warmneſs in my breaſt
That made you dearer to me than the reſt.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! too happy! hold my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure almoſt ſtrikes me dead.
Come to my arms! my ſoul is all on fire
With unexpected love and fond deſire!
O, I could kiſs the moon and ſtars away,
Then wonder at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms around thee twine,
And preſs thy beauties to this heart of mine.

[*They embrace.*

JENNY.

With equal joy my ſofter heart doth yield,
To own thy well tried love hath won the field.

Now

Now by theſe warmeſt kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

ROGER.

I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

JENNY.

Well, I agree—neiſt to my parent gae,
Get his conſent—he'll hardly ſay ye nae:
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.*

SANG. Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Well, I agree, ye're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nae:
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain:
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like thoſe of high degree:
For if you prove true to your love,
You'll find no fault in me.

ROGER.

Now by thoſe kiſſes kind come ſwear to me
When we're made one you ſtill thus kind will be.

ROGER.

I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt one ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
A wife who's more belov'd there ſhall not be,
If you agree to lead your life with me.

JENNY.

Well, I agree—next to my father go,
Get his conſent—he'll hardly ſay you no:
For you have that which ſoon will gain him o'er,
Old folks like thoſe who plenty have in ſtore.

SONG.

Well, I agree, you're ſure of me;
Next to my father go:
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you no:
For you have what he would be at,
And ſoon will gain him o'er,
As parents old—think love grows cold
When there is little ſtore.

Should he deny, then what care I,
My love ſhall then be ſhown,
Though kindred do each one ſay no,
I will have thee alone.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

ROGER.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt:
Five pack of woo I can at Lammaſs ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a hartſome houſe and tight
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a' which now gi'es joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair:
My love and a' is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like to gar them laſt.

JENNY.

I'll do my beſt: but ſee wha gangs this way,
Patie and Meg——beſides I maunna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll dree a deal of ſcorn.

ROGER.

To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryſt, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kiſs and tell our loves; there's nought ſae ſweet.

SCENE

ROGER.

Twice fifteen head of cattle in my folds;
As many that give milk my cow-houſe holds:
Five packs of wool at Lammas I can ſell,
Shorn from my bouncing bleaters on the hill.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
That with much care my thrifty mother made:
Whate'er could make a blithſome houſe and tight
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
Becauſe I can give all, my love, to thee:
And had I fifty times as much, and more,
With none but Jenny I would ſhare my ſtore:
My love and all is yours, now hold them faſt,
And manage as you chuſe to make them laſt.

JENNY.

I'll do my beſt: but ſee who comes this way,
Patie and Peg——beſides I muſt not ſtay:
Let's ſteal from other now, to-morrow meet:
Should we be ſeen, a deal of ſcorn we'll get.

ROGER.

To where the willow ſhades the minnow pool
I'll from the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep promiſe; meet me there; there let us meet
To kiſs and tell our love, there's nought ſo ſweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This ſcene preſents the Knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron ſhown his face,
But, joking with his ſhepherd leel,
Aſt ſpeers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this houſe ſo much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that loſt it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious tail
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our maſter's name,
Wha fills us a' with joy, now he's come hame.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his maſking beard;
Symon tranſported ſees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.

My maſter! my dear maſter!—do I breath!
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith!

Return'd

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

This ſcene ſhews Symon and the Knight
Within a gallery much decay'd;
Where all is in woful plight;
Nor has the knight his face diſplay'd,
With his true ſhepherd jeſting ſtill,
He aſks the way he knows full well.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this houſe ſo much decay'd?

SYMON.

To one who loſt it lending gen'rous aid
His King to ſave, when rebels did aſſail,
And 'gainſt the laws of nations did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is the name we mourn'd,
In which we now rejoice, ſince he's return'd.

DESCRIPTION.

Sir William drops his long white beard;
Symon tranſported ſees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.

My maſter!—my dear maſter! do I ſee
Him healthy, ſtrong, and from all danger free!

Return'd to cheer his wiſhing tenants' ſight!
To bleſs his ſon, my charge, the world's delight.

SIR WILLIAM.

Riſe, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe,
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock——neiſt my ain judgment fand
Out reaſons plenty——ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate:

SIR WILLIAM.

And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gie's their ſauls a caſt
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

SYMON.

Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have ſpoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's ſon, that's loo'd by few;
His father fteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about ſornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimp of manners as of ſenſe and grace,
Oppreſſing a', as puniſhment o' their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ane family as to gie him truſt.

Return'd to cheer his longing tenants' ſight,
And bleſs his ſon, my charge, the world's delight!

SIR WILLIAM.

Riſe, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And not ev'n to himſelf his birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

To your command by duty I was bound;
Next my own judgment many reaſons found—
As youths without eſtates, though highly born,
Ev'n ſprung from kings, look baſhful and forlorn:

SIR WILLIAM.

And often vain and idly ſpend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gives their minds a caſt
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

SYMON.

Full well I know, Sir, what you ſay is true;
For there's 'ſquire Guttle's ſon, that's lov'd by few;
His father cram'd his fortune down his throat,
And left his poor proud heir not worth a groat.
Spunging he goes about from place to place,
As ſcant of manners as of ſenſe and grace,
Oppreſſing all, as penance for their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Runs in each tradeſman's debt who's ſo unjuſt
To his own family as to give him truſt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such uſeleſs branches of a commonwealth
Should be lopt off to give a ſtate mair health:
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your obſervations on my ſon;
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe,
But do not with indulgence truth abuſe.

SYMON.

To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſimmer-day
Wad be owre ſhort—cou'd I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of ſight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt
Patrick's made judge to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decree ſtands good—he'll gar it ſtand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand:
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleaſes——my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough of lair:
And he delights in books—He reads and ſpeaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read——and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.

SYMON

SIR WILLIAM.

Such uſeleſs branches of the commonwealth
Should be lopp'd off, to give the ſtate more health:
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your obſervations on my ſon;
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe,
But do not with indulgence truth abuſe.

SYMON.

To ſpeak his praiſe, the longeſt ſummer's-day
Would be too ſhort—could I his worth diſplay.
In word and deed he can behave ſo well,
That out of ſight he runs before them all:
And when they chance to quarrel or conteſt
Patrick's made judge to tell who's cauſe is beſt;
And his decree ſtands good—he'll make it ſtand;
Who dares rebel finds his correcting hand:
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He makes our proudeſt ſhepherds ſoon obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale delights me much—good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Both wond'rous well; in truth, I did not ſpare,
But of his ſchooling took the greateſt care:
And he delights in books—Will read and ſpeak
With thoſe that know them, Latin words and Greek.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read——and of what kind?
Though ſome inſtruct, ſome blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys ſome books of hiſtory, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpear and a famous Ben
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthornden and Stirling ſing
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou weel, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought that he made o'er great fraize
About fine poems, hiſtories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

SIR WILLIAM.

He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear:
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf ſpell,
'Till a' the reſt ſleep round as weel's our ſell.

SIR WILLIAM

Well jeſted, Symon—but one queſtion more,
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves;

Has

SYMON.

At Edinburgh market where our ſheep he ſells,
Then he buys books of hiſt'ry, ſongs, or tales:
Nor does he want of them a ſtore at will,
Which in his pocket he takes to the hill.
About one Shakeſpear, and a famous Ben
He often ſpeaks, and calls them firſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthornden, and Stirling ſing,
And one call'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He knows full well, and makes their verſes ring.
I rather think he ſometimes too much ſays
About fine poems, hiſtories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him once—a book he brings,
With this, ſaid he, on wilds I talk with kings.

SIR WILLIAM.

He anſwer'd well; and much you glad mine ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear:
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's who is not ſo inclin'd.

SYMON.

What know we better that ſo ſeldom look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or two half ſpell, half read,
Till nodding round is every drowſy head.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jeſted, Symon—but one queſtion more
I'll only aſk you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's now at the age when little loves
Flutter around young hearts like cooing doves:

Has

Has nae young laſſie, with inviting mien
And roſy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warſt, but kend the ſmalleſt part,
'Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourſell your ſon will ſoon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd with all theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourſell ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervant nigh at hand;
They come juſt at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs;
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit* SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

Whene'er th' event of hope's ſucceſs appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;

When

Has no young maiden, with inviting mien
And roſy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engaged his eye, and caught his youthful heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the worſt, but knew the ſmalleſt part,
Till I with Glaud's fair niece, ſaw him of late
Rather more kind than what I thought was fit.—
I had my fears; but now have naught to fear,
Since like yourſelf your ſon will ſoon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd with all thoſe charms
May bleſs the faireſt beſt-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night muſt end his over lowly flame,
When higher views ſhall his ambition claim.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervant nigh at hand;
They come juſt at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs;—
Now you the ſecret may to all confeſs.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand fly,
There's none can know that is not downright I.

[*Exit* SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

Whene'er th' object of our hope appears
One happy hour cancels the pain of years:
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;

When

When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight.
Theſe joys I feel that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.
  But from his ruſtic buſineſs and love
I muſt, in haſte, my Patrick ſoon remove
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
  Only in little breakings ſhews its light,
'Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine;
  Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG. Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.*

Now from ruſticity, and love,
  Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
  His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond, from the mine,
  In breakings only ſhews its light,
'Till poliſhing has made it ſhine,
  Thus learning makes the genius bright.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight.
Thoſe joys I feel that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtic buſineſs and his love
I muſt, in haſte, my Patrick now remove
To courts, and camps, that may his ſoul improve.
As the rough diamond, when it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings ſhews its light,
Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SONG.

Now from ruſticity and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

SCOTCH.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The ſcene deſcrib'd in former page,
Glaud's onſet—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

OUR laird come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!——

MADGE.

—— As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.

As

ENGLISH.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

The ſcene drawn in a former page;
Glaud's dwelling—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

OUR knight's come home! and owns young Pate his heir!

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!——

MADGE.

—— As true as you ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a wizard, with a beard
Five hands in length, and white as ſnow-drift's fall,
Amongſt us came, cry'd "Merry be ye all."
We wonder'd much to ſee his uncouth look,
While from his pocket out he whipp'd a book.

Viewing

As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE.

Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

MADGE.

As faſt as fleas ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſummer days, ſlides backward in a pool.
In ſhort, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell;
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd off his beard to Symon; Symon knew
His welcome maſter;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne for blythneſs grat.
Patrick was ſent for—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elſpa, Elſpa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon:
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as tó Pate himſell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be ſae, wha kens, and may be no:
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Even kings ha' tane a queen out of the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

MADGE.

Viewing us all, as we around him preſt,
But fix'd his eyes on Patrick at the laſt;—
Slyly pretending fortunes he could tell,
Yet nothing would he have for all his ſkill.

MAUSE.

Then ſure the laſſes, and each gaping lout,
Would crowd around him, with a hand held out.

MADGE.

As faſt as fleas hop to the wool in flocks,
Held in the mouth of ſome old wily fox,
When he to drown them, and his rump to cool,
On ſummer days ſlides backward in a pool.—
In ſhort, he did for Pate fine things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell;
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pull'd off his beard to Symon;—Symon knew
His welcome maſter;—whoſe knees he did embrace,
While tears of joy ran trickling o'er his face.—
Patrick was ſent for—happy lad is he!
Symon told Elſpa,—Elſpa told it me.
You'll hear out all the ſecret ſtory ſoon:
In troth 'tis very odd, when all is done,
To think how Symon all this while conceal'd,
And ne'er to Pate himſelf his birth reveal'd—
Our Peg will loſe her lad, alas! poor laſs!

MAUSE.

It may be ſo,—and may be not the caſe:
To pull deep rooted love muſt give great pain:
Even kings have taken a queen from off the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonſenſe! love tak root, but tocher good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
Sic faſhions in king Bruce's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may gain:—
Yonder he comes, and, wow! but he looks fain;
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her! ſlaverin doof! it ſets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young maſter ſee—

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And ſo wad I: but whiſht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [*ſinging.*]

Jocky ſaid to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher good;
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

MADGE.

Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty ſang.

BAULDY.

I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[*Sings again.*

I hae gowd and gear; I hae land eneugh:
I have ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae

MADGE.

Such nonſenſe! love take root, without great dower,
'Tween one ſo highly born—one mean and poor!
Thoſe faſhions in king Bruce's days might be;
But ſuch ſtrange wonders, now we never ſee.

MAUSE.

If Pate forſakes her, Bauldy may be had:—
Yonder he comes, and, oh! but he looks glad;
Thinking, no doubt, he'll be the lucky lad.

MADGE.

He get her! lubberly lout! it ſuits him well
To pitch his tent where Patrick thought to dwell!
If I were Peg, I'd let young maſter ſee—

MAUSE.

You'd be as ſaucy in your choice as he:
And ſo would I: but huſh! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [*ſinging.*]

Jockey ſaid to Jenny, will you anſwer yes?
Not a bit, ſaid ſhe, for all that you poſſeſs;
For all that you poſſeſs, I will not marry thee,
As you pleaſe, ſays Jockey, 'tis the ſame to me.

MADGE.

Well chanted, Bauldy, that's a clever ſong.

BAULDY.

I'll ſing it all—'tis better than 'tis long.

[*Sings again.*

I have land and ſtore; and money at command:
I have ſeven good oxen ploughing up my land;
Ploughing up my land, ſo clever on the lea,
And if you will not take me, 'tis the ſame to me.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byer;
A peatſtack 'fore the door; we'll make a rantin fire;
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſall we be:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny ſaid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free:
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae:—laſſes will come to at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their ſnaw-baws caſt.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?——

BAULDY.

—— Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.

MADGE.

And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may aſk?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult taſk:
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair,
On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand by;
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me:
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Leſs wilfu', and ay conſtant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn.

Fy,

I have a good hall houſe, a ſtable, and a barn;
A peatſtack fronts the door, to keep it ſnug and warm:
To keep it ſnug and warm, and merry ſhall we be;
And if you will not have me, 'tis the ſame to me.

Jenny ſaid to Jockey, tell it not again,
I ſhall be the laſs, and you ſhall be the ſwain;
You're a clever lad, and I am full of glee,
More welcome you're to take me than to leave me free.

I know it:—maidens will come to at laſt,
Though for a while they muſt their ſnow-balls caſt.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how goes all?——

BAULDY.

—— Faith, very right:
I hope we'll all ſleep ſound but one to-night.

MADGE.

And who's the unlucky one, if we may aſk?

BAULDY.

To find out that not difficult's the taſk:
Poor pretty Peggy, who muſt now deſpair
Of Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.—
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, do ye,
While Peg's in dumps, put in a word for me:
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Leſs wilful, and aye conſtant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where many a time to her your heart was ſworn.

Fy, Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What other laſs will trow a manſworn herd:
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, ſou weel I wate.

BAULDY.

Sae gray a gate! manſworn! and a' the reſt:
Ye lied, auld roudes,—and in faith had beſt
Eat in your words, elſe I ſhall gar you ſtand,
With a het face, afore the haly band.

MADGE.

Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſhevelling-gabbit brock:
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can ſlyp the ſkin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY.

I tak ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay
That I'm manſworn—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye're witneſs too he ca'd me bony names,
And ſhou'd be ſerv'd as his good breeding claims:
Ye filthy dog!

[*Flees to his hair like a fury.*]—*A ſtout battle*—MAUSE *endeavours to redd them.*

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy, leen;
I wadna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen,
'Tis ſae daft like.—

[BAULDY *gets out of* MADGE's *clutches with a bleeding noſe.*]

MADGE'

Fye, Bauldy, bluſh, and to your vows be juſt;
What maid will dare a perjur'd man to truſt?
The curſe of heaven ſtill hangs above their heads
That e'er are guilty of ſuch ſinful deeds.—
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſo black a way;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, that I can ſay.

BAULDY.

So black away! perjur'd! and all the reſt:
You lie, old runnion, and in faith had beſt
Eat in your words,—or, for this defamation,
I'll make you ſtand, before the congregation.

MADGE.

You'll make me ſtand! ye wry-mouth'd driv'ling dunce:
Say that again—my diſtaff's on your ſconce,
And ten ſharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
From your falſe face ſhall claw the ugly ſkin.

BAULDY.

I take you witneſs, Mauſe, you heard her ſay
I perjur'd was—and ſhe for that ſhall pay.

MADGE.

You're witneſs too he call'd me pretty names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good breeding claims:
You filthy dog!

[*Flies at his hair like a fury.*]—*A ſtout battle*—MAUSE *endeavours to ſeparate them.*

MAUSE.

Let go your holds;--fye, Madge!--Bauldy have done;
I would not wiſh this ſcuffle ſhould be known,
'Tis ſo odd like.—

[BAULDY *gets out of* MADGE's *clutches with a bleeding noſe.*]

MADGE.

——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It ſets him weel with vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young:
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairn's bairns have ſeen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame
To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriſten'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my noſe, and noddle find the ſame.

MADGE.

Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I ſhall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends with honeſt Bauldy;
Come, come, ſhake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I ſee the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mauſe, I have at Madge nae ſpite;
But ſhe abuſing firſt was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and ſhou'd therefore crave
My pardon firſt and ſhall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat:
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as ſwear.
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

BAULDY

MADGE.

——'Tis odder like by full
To let a ſpiteful toad blow up the coal.
It ſuits him well with foul provoking tongue,
To tell me whether I am old or young:
Older than I by years have married been,
And, ere they died, have children's children ſeen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, you were much to blame
To call Madge aught but her own Chriſtian name.

BAULDY.

My ears, my noſe, and noddle, find the ſame.

MADGE.

Old runnion! filthy fellow, I'll old ye.

MAUSE.

Huſh; be friends again with honeſt Bauldy:
Forgive, forget, 'twould make an odd like ſtory:
Come and ſhake hands; I ſee the lad looks ſorry.

BAULDY.

'Gainſt Madge I have no ſpite, believe me Mauſe;
But ſhe abuſing firſt was all the cauſe
Of what has happen'd, and ſhould therefore crave
My pardon firſt, and ſhall forgiveneſs have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon! Gallows-face complete;
Go, blubbering, own your faults to her you'd cheat:
Go, and repent, perform what you have ſworn,
Or you'll be blaſted ſure as you were born.
Vow and retract!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swift take him devil, he's too long out of hell.

BAULDY. *(running off.)*

His preſence be about us! Curſt were he
That were condemned for life to live with thee.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

MADGE *(laughing.)*

I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae he does but ill deſerve.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding ſnout gae me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face
He hoped I was a witch, and wadna ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee, or lugs to hear?

MAUSE.

Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline,
'Till aft 'tis ſeen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply:
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his tryſt; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And ſpecial ſport we'll hae as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt.

A linen

BAULDY *(running off.)*

Heaven's grace defend us all! Thrice curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

MADGE *(laughing.)*

I think I've given this perjur'd knave a trimming:
He'll ne'er tell me his love nor boaſt his winning.
He's but a raſcal that would try to ſerve
A maiden ſo he does but ill deſerve.

MAUSE.

You trimm'd him tightly—I commend you for't;—
His bleeding ſnout gave me no little ſport:
For this forenoon he was ſo ſcant of grace,
And manners too—to tell me to my face
He hoped I was a witch, and would not ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had you patience this to bear,
And leave him eyes to ſee, or ears to hear?

MAUSE.

Old wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Oblige us oft reſentment to decline;
But when ſtrength fails, then other means we try,
And cunning can the want of ſtrength ſupply:
Thus I put off revenge till it was night,
Then bade him come, when his wrongs ſhould right:
I'm ſure he'll meet me; therefore came I here
Your help to aſk, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And ſpecial ſport we'll have at this fool's coſt;
You'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghoſt.

A linen

A linen ſheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head:
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a laſſie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtlin cloud ſhines with a ſetting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green ſwaird grows damp with falling due,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr Patrick, ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fowk are farer ſeen than we
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My

A linen ſheet wrapt round me, like one dead,
I'll chalk my face, and groan, and ſhake my head:
We'll give him ſuch a fright, he'll no more long
To go a conjuring a maid to wrong.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtern clouds ſhine with departing light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

Now birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green graſs grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever true,
To meet, to comfort Peg, and bid adieu.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

How happy is my heart! and beats ſo light:
O, Mr. Patrick! ſtill your thoughts were right;
Sure gentlefolks can farther ſee than we
That nothing have to boaſt of pedigree.

My

My Jenny now, wha' brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—ſweet—and nae mair ſcorn:
I ſpak my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpak again—
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear't—But, O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me boon the lave.
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt:
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth,
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing o' my youth!
Wha ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingle thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That ſpeechleſs lang my late kend ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd:
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſelf with riſing raptures found
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart muſt ſooner ceaſe.

ROGER.

How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:
But we'rt my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

My Jenny now, who broke my heart at morn,
Is perfect yielding—ſweet—and no more ſcorn:
I ſpake my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpake again—
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd, I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

Of that I'm glad—but, oh! my ſudden joy
Uplifts my heart, yet ſometimes I could cry.
A father found—brave, gentle, kind, and great,
Exalted o'er the reſt by an eſtate.
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt:
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, ſo ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, ſun-ſhine of my youth!
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
All down his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
With mingled feelings, did my ſoul aſſail;
That ſpeechleſs long my new found ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd:
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſelf with riſing raptures found
The happy ſon of one ſo much renown'd.
But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids;—oh! this diſturbs my peace!
Ere I forſake my love, to beat this heart muſt ceaſe.

ROGER.

How to adviſe you, I am at a ſtand:
But wer't my caſe, you'd ſettle it off hand.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Duty, and haſlen reaſon plead his cauſe;
But love rebels againſt all bounding laws;
Fixt in my ſoul the ſhepherdeſs excels,
And part of my new happineſs repels.

SANG. Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſehood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only ſon.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love,
And frae theſe bands nae fate my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe, thro' life I will be true,
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

PATIE.

Duty, and partly reaſon, plead his cauſe;
But love rebels 'gainſt all reſtricting laws;
Fixt in my ſoul the ſhepherdeſs excels,
And part of my new happineſs repels.

SONG.

Duty, and partly reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;

And now, though I am one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſehood repels;
For change in my ſoul there's no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them both—Sir William may be won:
Your Peggy's handſome—you're his only ſon.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love,
And from theſe bands no fate my ſoul ſhall move!
I'll wed none elſe, through life I will be true,
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

Is not our maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To London neiſt, and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance.
And twa three other monkey-tricks: that done,
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon,
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news ſhall hear my death.

ROGER.

"They wha have juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
"The owrecome only faſhes fowk to keep."—
Good maſter Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought at night's the ſame.
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift—without it, king's are poor.

ROGER.

But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, ſparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submiſſive

ROGER.

Is not Sir William and yourſelf to ſtay
Amongſt us here, or are you going away
To London court, or other diſtant parts,
To leave your own poor us, with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To London next, and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance.
With ſome more monkey-tricks—as I ſuppoſe;
Then come home ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoes.
And 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I ſhall be ſome pettiſh thing's dull ſlave
For a few bags of caſh, which, for my part,
As needleſs are as third wheel to a cart;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſuch news ſhall hear my death.

ROGER.

" They that have juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
" O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep."
From you, good Mr. Patrick, this tale came.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought at night's the ſame:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
From Heav'n above—without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

Eſtates like yours can fine contentment yield,
Whilſt we but pick it ſcantly off the wild:
Fine clothes, ſoft beds, ſweet houſes, ſparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er you dine,

Submiſſive ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe,
Wha's no content with theſe are ill to pleaſe.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiſs,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliſs:
The paſſions rule the roaſt—and if they're four,
Like the lean ky, they'll ſoon the fat devour:
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk owrelaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh and haleſome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights:
How gat ye a' that ſenſe I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear?

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome ſkill,
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good and ill:
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe
To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.

ROGER.

I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhou'd ſell my ky:
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Submiſſive ſervants honour, wealth, and eaſe,
Who's not content with theſe is ill to pleaſe.

PATIE.

So Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiſs,
But many a cloud hangs hovering o'er the bliſs:
The paſſions rule the roaſt—and if they're four,
Like the lean kine, they'll ſoon the fat devour:
The ſpleen, loſt honour, and affronted pride,
Sting like the ſharpeſt darts in gentry's ſide.
Gouts, gravels, and perhaps a worſe diſeaſe,
Moſt common are with thoſe o'ercome with eaſe;
While o'er the heath the ſhepherd, with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh and wholeſome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, and it much delights
My heart whene'er I liſten to your flights:
How got you all that ſenſe I fain would hear,
That I may diſappointments learn to bear?

PATIE.

From books, the choiceſt books, I got ſome ſkill;
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good or ill:
Ne'er grudge each year to ſpend ſome ſtones of cheeſe
To gain thoſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.

ROGER.

That ſhall I do—and what to buy you'll tell:
Faith I'll have books, if I my cows ſhould ſell:
But let me know how you're deſign'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride:
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

And proud of being your ſecretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy.

[*Exit* ROGER.

PATIE [*ſolus.*]

With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart:
I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft ſoul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care:
Her eyes are red——

ENTER PEGGY.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think ſae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.

Wha

PATIE.

Then thus it is—his will muſt be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride:
But I ſome time that laſt deſign muſt hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

So proud of being your confidant am I,
To wile it from me e'en devils I defy.

[*Exit* ROGER.

PATIE [*ſolus.*]

With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her who holds my heart:
I know ſhe loves, and her ſoft ſoul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim thy tender care:
Her eyes are red——

ENTER PEGGY.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as thou wont'ſt, allow no room for fears:
Though I'm no more a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not look ſo high—I now repine
At the unhappy fate that made not me
A high-born maid, or ſhepherd ſtill kept thee.

Wha can, withouten pain, ſee frae the coaſt,
The ſhip that bears his a' like to be loſt?
Like to be carried by ſome rever's hand
Far frae his wiſhes to ſome diſtant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilſt it with me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown:
I falſehood hate: come kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me
To mak ſtrict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on! ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my grief,
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief;
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice airs ſwims round in ſilk attire;
Then I! poor me!—with ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartſome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt.
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadows play,
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpoſe, that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.

But

Who can, without great pain, ſee from the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt?
Like to be carried by ſome pirates hand
Far from his wiſhes to a diſtant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilſt it with me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our love, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown:
I falſehood hate—I'll kiſs thy tears away;
I know to love as well as to obey.—
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree.—

PEGGY.

Speak on! ſpeak ever thus, and calm my grief,
Short time dare I to hope this kind relief;—
New thoughts ſome high born beauty will inſpire,
That with nice airs ſwims round in ſilk attire;—
Then I! poor I! may of hard fate complain,
When the young 'ſquire's no more my cheerful ſwain:
No more again I'll hear ſweet tales expreſt
By the gay ſhepherd that excels the reſt:—
No more be envied by the tattling gang,
Becauſe thou kiſs'd me when I danc'd or ſang;
No more, alas! we'll on the meadows play,
And run half breathleſs round the ricks of hay;
That thou might'ſt follow, oft-times have I fled,
On purpoſe fall'n to be thy pris'ner made:—
No more around the moſſy hillocks creep
To watch and gaze upon thee while aſleep.

But

But hear my vow—'twill help to give me eaſe,—
May ſudden death, or deadly ſair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills attend my wretched life!
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG. Tune, *Waes my heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.*

Speak on, ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows, where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander;
Sweet ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, Heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

But hear my vow—'twill help to give me eaſe,—
May ſudden death, or deadly ſore diſeaſe,
And worſt of ills attend my wretched life!
If e'er to one but thee I be a wife.

SONG.

Speak on, ſpeak thus, and calm my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When thou muſt from thy Peggy ſunder.
Some high-born maid in ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alas, poor me! will ſoon conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſwain who did excel
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell;—
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows, where we oft have ſtray'd;
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
Sweet ſcented ricks, round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! I ſhall never creep
The hillock round with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, Heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Though thou ſhould'ſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves—and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this iſle,
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my foot were crowns and ſcepters laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things
To ſic as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy, to hear my love ſae kind;
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
The gen'rous thoughts will ſave thy heart for me:
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night till my day-ſtar appear;
And all the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk ſchool
Where I may manners learn ——

SANG.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves—and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er go back from what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, though time muſt intervene awhile,
And I muſt leave my Peggy and this iſle,
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our mutual love.
If at my feet were crowns and ſceptres laid
To bribe my love from thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd leave all theſe inferior things
To ſuch as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I weep for joy, to hear my love ſo kind;
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but dark deſpair,
I thought my life but little worth my care:
My heart was like to break; but now I ſee
Thy gen'rous thoughts will ſave thy heart for me:
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream through the night, till my day-ſtar appear;
And all the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—who's far from fool,
And will not grudge to put me to each ſchool
Where I may manners learn ——

SONG.

SANG. Tune, *Tweed ſide.*

PEGGY.

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.
Where e'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay;
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
So lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

SONG.

PEGGY.

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs of care,
But now I will ſav't for your ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay;
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till you appear,
Then lock you for aye in theſe arms.
When you were a ſhepherd, I ſigh'd
For no higher degree in this life;
But now all my ſkill ſhall be try'd
To be what's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the bloſſom in May,
But, fix'd in the mind, it will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the bright fire of true love,
If virtue is fix'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

PATIE.

PATIE.

——That's wiſely ſaid,—
And what he wares that way ſhall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate;
Laugh when we're ſad, ſpeak when we've nought to ſay,
And, for the faſhion, when we're blyth, ſeem wae:
Pay compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill—but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jeſt
With gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Good-manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe.
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel that wad force his ſon,
For watna whats, ſae great a riſk to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but trav'lling does improve;
Yet I wou'd ſhun it for thy ſake, my love:

But

PATIE.

——That's wiſely ſaid,
What he beſtows that way ſhall be well paid.
Though without all the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart;
But in high ſtations, leſt we give offence,
We muſt learn modes unknown to innocence;
Affect ofttimes to like the thing we hate,
And drop ſincerity to keep up ſtate;
Laugh when we're ſad, ſpeak when we've nought to ſay,
And, for the faſhion, mourn when we are gay:
Pay compliments to thoſe we oft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this be gentry, I had rather be
Still what I am—but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, my dear Peggy, I do only jeſt
At gentry's apes; for, ſtill among the beſt,
Good manners make their merit brighter ſhine,
When arts to pleaſe with native virtues join.

PEGGY.

Since with no hazard, and ſo ſmall expenſe,
From books my love can gather ſo much ſenſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that would force his ſon,
For trifling nonſenſe, ſuch great riſk to run.

PATIE.

There is no doubt but trav'lling does improve;
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love:

But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my landwart caſt
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

SANG. Tune, *Buſh aboon Traquair.*

PEGGY.

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit aft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

With every ſetting day and riſing morn
I'll kneel to Heaven and aſk thy ſafe return:
Under that tree, and on the ſuckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play:

And

But ſoon as I've ſhook off my aukward air
In foreign parts, to thee I'll haſte, my fair.

SONG.

PEGGY.

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit of the birchen buſh,
Where thou firſt kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt unfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood copſe or fountain;
And where the ſummer day I'd ſhare
With thee upon yon mountain.
There I will tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

With every ſetting day and riſing morn
I'll kneel to Heaven and aſk thy ſafe return:
Beneath that tree, and where we run and play'd,
Upon the bank where ſuckler lambkins feed;

And to the Hiſſel ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy, that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an eſtate, they all belong to thee:
My ſheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

PATIE.

Nae mair I'll aſk; but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it's with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

[*Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

And to the copſe where firſt you kindly mov'd
My yielding heart to truſt I was belov'd,
I'll often go, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy, that they may witneſs I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me from thy temples fair
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiſs, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were every hair upon this head of mine
Worth an eſtate, by right they all are thine:
The ringlet take, my ſciſſars are at hand,
For only what is right you will demand.

PATIE.

No more I'll aſk; but ſince we've little time,
To ſpend it thus in words appears a crime;
Love's ſofter meaning better is expreſt
When 'tis with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

[*They embrace, and the curtain drops.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

SCOTCH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt:
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this ſilent hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowſy pow'r:
Far to the north the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night?
What gars ye ſhake, and glowre, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

BAULDY.

O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with ſhaking fail;

I'll

ENGLISH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like one poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon from his kindly reſt:
Bare legg'd, and coat all looſe, with night-cap on,
See the old man comes forward to the clown.

SYMON.

WHAT want you, Bauldy, at this ſilent hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowſy pow'r:
Far to the north the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night?
What makes you look ſo pale, and ſhake, and ſtare?
Your teeth all chatt'ring, and erect your hair.

BAULDY.

O give me quick ſome water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with trembling fail;

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be myſell again,
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!—
[SYMON *gives him a drink.*

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk?—to make ſo loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very tymouſly afteer.

SYMON.

I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt,
But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit oppreſt,
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled with a ghaiſt.

BAULDY.

O! ay—dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM *(ſmiling.)*

I long to hear't——

BAULDY.

——Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Mauſe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart:
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get ſic a fright!

For

I'll ne'er dare venture out alone at night:
Alas! I'll ne'er recover from the fright,
Ne'er be the man I was, O Symon! O!—
[SYMON *gives him drink.*

SYMON.

What ails thee, fool?—to make ſo much ado.
Sir William's left his bed, his foot I hear;
You've waked him; and he comes ill pleaſed, I fear.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? You ſtir by times I ſee;
Before 'tis light; how long d'ye think 'twill be?

SYMON.

I fear, Sir, we've diſturbed your reſt to night,
But ſome ſtrange thing's put Bauldy in a fright,
He's ſeen a ghoſt, or wreſtled with a ſprite.

BAULDY.

O, yes—dear Sir, indeed 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM *(ſmiling.)*

I long to hear't——

BAULDY.

——Ah, Sir! one Mauſe, a witch moſt fell,
Who 'mongſt the hawthorn lives above the mill,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me by her art,
To gain a pretty wayward laſs's heart:
As ſhe appointed, I met her to night,
But may no friend of mine get ſuch a fright!

For

For the curs'd hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead coarſe in ſheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me faſt the wilch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I won't to be at ſchool.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithleſs grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh they vaniſh'd quite;
Syne I haf dead with anger, fear and ſpite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mauſe be brunt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's juſt ſhall granted be;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour, ſoon ſhall I obey;
But firſt I'll Roger raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, or ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport.
What ſilly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is throw want of education blind!

SYMON.

For the curſt hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought is like to freeze my blood!)
Raiſed up a ghoſt or devil, which I don't know,
Like a dead corſe, in ſheet as white as ſnow;
Black hands it had, its face was deadly pale,
Upon me faſt the witch and it both fell;
Pull'd down my breeches, whilſt I, like a fool,
Belabour'd was as I have been at ſchool.
My heart did jump out of its place almoſt,
I powerleſs grew with fear, and hope was loſt,
Then with an hideous laugh they vaniſh'd quite;
And I, half dead with anger, fear, and ſpite,
Crept up, and fled ſtraight from them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to give the devil his due.
I'm ſure my heart will never ceaſe to beat,
Till I ſee Mauſe upon the faggots ſet.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, what is juſt ſhall granted be;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour—you ſhall be obey'd;
But firſt I'll raiſe ſome friends, for I'm afraid,
If once ſhe ſquall, that, by her witchcraft art,
She'll raiſe the devil himſelf to take her part.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghoſt have made themſelves ſome ſport.
What ſilly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

SYMON.

SYMON.

But does your honour think there's nae ſic thing,
As witches raiſing deels up throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks?—a thouſand I could tell
Could never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongſt a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs with candles in his dowp,
Appearing ſometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a ſow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomſtaffs, ride;
Or in the egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and ſtools.
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life;
That gars me think, this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will end in naithing but a joke at laſt.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm ſure it will; but ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to-night:

Bid

SYMON.

But does your honour think there's no ſuch thing
As witches raiſing devils up through a ring,
Then playing tricks?—a thouſand I could tell
Could never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing on a moor
Amongſt a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and jump
O'er banks and bogs with candles in his rump,
Appearing ſometimes like a black horn cow,
A dog, a cat,—and ſometimes like a ſow;
Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
Whilſt they on cats, or clowns, or broomſticks, ride;
Or in the egg-ſhell ſkim acroſs the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then oft by night amaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, or ſtools.
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Was ever fam'd for ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But Mauſe, though poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet, very honeſt life;
Which makes me think this hurly-burly paſt
Will end in nothing but a jeſt at laſt.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm ſure it will;—but ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to-night:

Bid

Call up my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG. Tune, *Bonny gray-ey'd morn.*

The bonny gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray;
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day.
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee;
And he joins their concert driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.—

SONG.

The lovely gray-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray;
The hearty hind ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours through the day:
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet attend his levee;
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While heated with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain:
May health be my lot, and peaceful my mind,
Plac'd at dué diſtance from parties and ſtate;
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
With a blue ſnood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The riſing ſun ſhines motty throw the reek:
A pipe in's mouth, the laſſies pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not uſe ſo ſoon to ſee the light;
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang:
But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart laſſies will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young maſter now, I'm very ſure
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my cuſin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a ſhepherd, ſought a wife,
With her to live a chaſte and frugal life;

But

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
With a blue fillet Jenny binds her hair;
Glaud by his morning fire has ſet him down,
And motty ſhines through ſmoke the riſing ſun:
A pipe in's mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his eyes,
And now and then good-humour'd jeſts he tries.

GLAUD.

I WISH, my girls, it may keep fair till night,
You do not uſe ſo ſoon to ſee the light;
You mean to join the throng, as I ſuppoſe,
That take their leave of Patrick ere he goes:
But do you think, a 'ſquire as he is now,
That he'll regard two home-ſpun maids like you?

JENNY.

Though he's young maſter, I am very ſure
He has more ſenſe than ſlight old friends, though poor:
Laſt night in all our ſports he took his ſhare,
And kiſs'd my couſin too from ear to ear.

GLAUD.

So, ſo, no doubt—moſt like he will again;
But be advis'd—his company refrain:
Before he, as a ſhepherd, ſought a wife,
With her to lead a chaſte and frugal life:

But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake, what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, elſe I have tint my ſkill.

GLAUD.

Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair,
You young and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name;
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the clap; [fluſh'd,
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then I ſay, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

PEGGY.

Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him be good?

GLAUD.

That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn; they're ſae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That ſhaws the gate to heaven;—I've heard myſell,
Some of them laugh at doomſday, ſin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomſday doubts a God.

GLAUD.

But now, a gentleman, he'll ſoon forſake,
Such virtuous thoughts, and boaſt of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake! what's that? Sure if it means ought ill,
That he'll ne'er be, or I have loſt my ſkill.

GLAUD.

Ah, ſimple maid! you know naught of the affair,
One young, and good, and great, is very rare:—
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, who's not aſham'd
To do what we think ſinful to be named;
Such are ſo void of ſenſe, that they will boaſt
Of ruin'd health by ſhameful lewdneſs loſt.
Kind youthful maids like you by wiles they'll won,
Then jeſt and ſcorn them when they are undone.
Be wary then I ſay, nor dally you
With ſuch as he, or you at laſt will rue.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and of noble blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

GLAUD.

That's true, and many gentry more than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;—
But thinner ſown; they're ſo puff'd up with pride,
Many there are who mock each holy guide
That ſhews the way to heaven;—I know it well—
I've heard them laugh at doomſday, ſin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father! ah, that's very odd!
Sure he that doubts a doomſday doubts a God.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch, and drink:
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gaits will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt, her face ſome ferly brings.

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haſte, haſt ye, we're a' ſent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to red ſome odd debate,
'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell
At Symon's houſe, the knight ſits judge himſell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my ſtaff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the laſſes wi'ye; I'll ſtep before.

[*Exit.*

MADGE.

Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs;
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that ſmells like new-won hay;

To

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch, and drink:—
But I'm not ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſuch ways would e'er be brought.—

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid!—No, he knows better things:—
But here's our aunt—her face ſome wonder brings.—

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haſte, haſte—we're all ſent for o'er the way,
To hear, and help to clear ſome ſtrange fray
'Bout witchcraft ſpells—Bauldy accuſes Mauſe
At Symon's houſe, the knight's to judge the cauſe.—

GLAUD.

Give me my ſtaff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the girls with you—I'll ſtep before.

[*Exit.*

MADGE.

Poor Peg! do Jenny look—alas! alas!
Her eyes how red—and woe begone her face!
To-day her ſparkiſh lad for Edinburgh goes,
To ſtrut a gentleman amongſt the beaus;—
To change his crook, cut from the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword and glitt'ring headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons and country whey,
For ſcented tea that ſmells like new-mown hay;

To leave the green ſward dance when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the ſhepherds ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend in hodden gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn;
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now ſince he riſes why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A bony ſtory, trouth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

To leave the greenſwerd dance when we go milk,
To ruſtle among the beauties cloth'd in ſilk.
But Peg, poor Peg! muſt with the ſhepherds ſtay,
And take what God will ſend in home-ſpun gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what need you teaze us with your ſcorn?
'Tis not my fault that I'm not higher born.
If I the daughter of ſome lord had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patrick on the green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, ſhould heaven's decree
Deſign him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A likely ſtory, troth! but we delay;
Pin up your aprons both, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM.

And was that all?—Well, Archbald, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' its ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore,
I kend not that they thought me ſic before.

BAULDY.

An't like your honour, I believe it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the deel;

Yet

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Poor Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For now 'tis told him that the ſwitch
Was handled by revengeful Madge
For calling her bad names, and Mauſe a witch,
Which with his ill-bred nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM.

And was that all?—Well, Archbald, you were ſerv'd
Juſt as I think your conduct well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides I hear you meant to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confeſs my fault through all its ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

M'AUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he informed on that head,
Before I know not what of me they ſaid.

BAULDY.

And pleaſe you, Sir, of that no doubt I had;
But ſure to ſeek the devil I was half mad;

Yet

Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' ſhe's nae witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengefu'——
And that my ſome-place finds;——but I had beſt
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaiſt,
And the young bonny witch, whaſe roſie cheek
Sent me without my wits the deel to ſeek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM *(looking at* PEGGY.)

Whoſe daughter's ſhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
In this your daughter, Glaud?——

GLAUD.

—Sir, ſhe's my niece—
And yet ſhe's not—but I ſhould had my piece.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and ſhe is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould mak appear
What I have kept a ſecret thirteen year—

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak ſoon: I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

Yet, with your honour's leave, if ſhe's no witch
She's both a ſly and a revengeful——
And that my ſome-place finds;——but I'll be dumb
Upon that head, for here the ghoſt doth come,
And the young pretty witch, whoſe roſie cheek
Sent me without my wits the devil to ſeek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM *(looking at* PEGGY.*)*

Whoſe daughter's ſhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and locks a lovely brown?—
How ſparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!—
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once that form'd a face
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

GLAUD.

—Sir, ſhe's my niece—
And yet ſhe's not—but I ſhould hold my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and ſhe is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould make appear
What I have ſecret kept this thirteen year—

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak on: I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

—So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then, ſince my maſter orders, I obey—
This *bonny fundling* ae clear morn of May,
Cloſe by the lee ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake!
Wha, warſe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young; for ſhe appear'd to me,
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie ſmil'd,
With ſic a look, wad made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory, ſhe has paſs'd ſinceſyne,
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For ſhe's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny; I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood;
Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now delare.

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale ſeems ſtrange!—

PATIE.

The tale delights my ear!

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

PATIE.

—So am I!
For much I hope, and yet I know not why.

GLAUD.

Then, ſince my maſter orders, I obey—
This pretty foundling, one clear morn of May,
Cloſe by the calm ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully wrapt round
In infant robes, of rich and noble make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forſake!
Who, worſe than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
So much of innocence, ſo ſweetly fair,
So helpleſs young; for ſhe appeared to me,
As I could gueſs near two years old to be?
I took her in my arms, the infant ſmil'd
With ſuch a look 'twould made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory; ſhe has paſs'd ſince then
For a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
What care I have beſtow'd I ne'er ſhall rue,
Her merit's ſuch I think it all her due.
You ſee ſhe's pretty; I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And I'm right ſure ſhe's ſprung from noble blood;
Of whom I know not—no more can I unfold
Than what I to your honour now have told.

SIR WILLIAM.

The tale ſeems ſtrange!—

PATIE.

—The tale delights mine ear!

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my taſk—Now, Sir, bid all be huſh,
Peggy may ſmile—Thou haſt no cauſe to bluſh.
Lang have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick eyes did trace
His ſiſter's beauties in her doughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?
But how, or why, it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reaſon want.

OMNES.

The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haſte, old woman, and reſolve each doubt.

[MAUSE *goes forward leading* PEGGY *to* SIR WILLIAM.]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well, has fifteen years ſo plew'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR

MAUSE.

That be my taſk—Now, Sir, bid all be huſh,
Peggy may ſmile—She has no cauſe to bluſh.
Long have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw at firſt, and with quick eye did trace,
His ſiſter's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie when ſhe's ſo near her grave?
But I will own, whate'er can make appear
That this is true, is what I wiſh to hear.

LIBR
OF TH
BOM
BRA
OF
ROYAL ASI

OMNES.

The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

[MAUSE *goes forward leading* PEGGY *to* SIR WILLIAM.]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well! ah, me! and has the ſpace
Of fifteen years ſo plough'd this wrinkled face
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha honeſt nurſe! where were my eyes before!
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more:
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM *embraces* PEGGY, *and makes her ſit by him.*]

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, ſurely, thou'rt my niece! truth muſt prevail;
But no more words, 'till Mauſe relate her tale.

PATIE.

Go d nurſe, diſpatch thy ſtory wing'd with bliſſes,
That I may give my cuſin fifty kiſſes.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſu'd with avaritious view
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſeſt.
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all where ſunk in reſt,
At midnight hour the floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtaw the ſleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd ſome few miles ere day.
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

'Till

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha! honeſt nurſe! where were my eyes before!
I knew thy faithfulneſs, and need no more:
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM *embraces* PEGGY *and makes her ſit by him.*]

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, ſurely, thou'rt my niece! truth muſt prevail;
But no more words 'till Mauſe has told her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurſe, diſpatch thy ſtory wing'd with bliſſes,
That I may give my couſin fifty kiſſes.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life
When it was threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's long; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſued with avaricious view
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confidant confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
The harmleſs child they'd ſmother in her bed.
That very night, when all were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight hour the floor I ſoftly preſt,
And ſtole the ſleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd ſome few miles ere day.
All day I hid me;—when the day was done
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

'Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful ſwains.
For fear of being found out, and, to ſecure
My charge, I laid her at this ſhepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here, honeſt Glaud himſell, and Symon may
Remember well how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD *(with tears of joy happing down his beard.)*

I well remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang have I wiſh'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge ſome time ſhould about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love ſurvey her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durſt own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
Equal with Patrick: now my greateſt aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand
With as good will as either would demand.

Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful ſwains.
For fear of being found out, and to ſecure
My charge, I laid her at this ſhepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er might happen to her, might be by.
Here, honeſt Glaud himſelf, and Symon may
Remember well how I that very day
From Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD *(with tears of joy.)*

Well I remember: Heavens reward your love!
Long have I wiſhed for this; for oft I thought
In time ſuch knowledge would about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys o'erflow,
Yet to your will I due obedience owe.
O, Sir! with love paternal view her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms!
She's mine by vows, and would, though ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife when I thoſe vows durſt own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
Equal with Patrick: now my greateſt aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand
With as good will as either could demand.

[PATIE *and* PEGGY *embrace and kneel to* SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this bleſſing I receive
As ane wad life that's ſinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM (*raiſes them.*)

I give you both my bleſſing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve!

PEGGY.

My wiſhes are compleat—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haf dizzy with the bleſt ſurpriſe.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir William bleſs theſe happy plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant, he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſter be;
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gie?
The eſtate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill got gains.

[PATIE *and* PEGGY *embrace and kneel to* SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this bleſſing I receive
As one would life that's ſinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM *(raiſing them.)*

I give you both my bleſſing;—may your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve!—

PEGGY.

My wiſhes are complete—and joys ariſe,
While I'm half giddy with the bleſt ſurprize.
And do I then my Patrick's equal prove,
Who had for me ſuch kind, ſuch generous love?—
Long may Sir William bleſs theſe happy plains!
Happy, while Heaven permits, he there remains—

PATIE.

Still as our guardian—nay our maſter—live,
No more we'll aſk than you ſhall pleaſe to give;
With Peggy bleſt, my heart has nought to crave.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them who ſought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all belongs to her,
And make him reimburſe with ſhame and fear.

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth, and an eſtate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate:
For his ſake only I'll ay thankfu' bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men, to you.

SYMON.

What double blythneſs wakens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Sall I unſaddle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man; remain with you this day!
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gardners ſhall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the beſt news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherds' ſang.

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna lilt the ſpring?

PEGGY.

My change of fortune does but light appear,
When balanc'd with the lad my ſoul holds dear:
For his ſake, beſt of men! I'll ever prove,
Moſt grateful for your matchleſs, gen'rous love.—

SYMON.

What double joy awakens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you won't ſoon haſte away.
Shall I unſaddle your horſe, and make prepare
A dinner for you of good country fare?—
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hang on the two, and doat on you:
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Keen Madge's ſwitch, and ſly old Mauſe's plot.—

SIR WILLIAM.

Kind good old man! remain with you this day!
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Mechanics quickly ſhall my houſe repair,
And buſy gard'ners ſhall my planting rear:
My father's plenteous table you ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the beſt news I've heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

God bleſs Sir William, and God ſave the king,
To enjoy their own, and make the ſhepherds ſing.

ROGER.

Come, let us all rejoice—Come, let us ſing;
And in one chorus join, 'God ſave the King!'

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Mauſe,--with very Madge I'm greed,
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly fleld;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing 'Lang may Sir William live.'

MADGE.

Lang may he live;—and Archbald learn to ſteek
Your gab a wee, and think before you ſpeak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witche's fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

No other name I'll ever for you learn:
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done for me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you.
And to your heirs, I give in endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe, in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your Maker's praiſe.

OMNES.

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Mauſe—with very Madge agreed,
Although ſhe ſwitch'd me well when ſore afraid;—
But I'm ſo happy, freely I forgive,
And joyful ſing—'Long may Sir William live!'

MADGE.

Long may he live;—and, Archbald, learn to check
That tongue of yours, and think before you ſpeak;
Ne'er call her old that's maid againſt her will,
Or you may curſe ſome witch's fingers ſtill.
This day I'll with the youngeſt of you flaunt,
And ever boaſt that I was call'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my child; my pretty dear!—

PEGGY.

From me no other name you e'er ſhall hear:
And, my good nurſe—how ſhall I grateful be
For all thy matchleſs kindneſs done to me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Do fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon—and, kind Glaud, to thee
And both your heirs, I give in ſimple fee,
As juſtly due, the lands you rent of me,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe, in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your Maker's praiſe.

OMNES.

OMNES.

The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

PATIE [*preſenting* ROGER *to* SIR WILLIAM.]

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom ſecrets ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny think nae ſhame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpak and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon;
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My ſon's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
That truſty Roger may your daughter have
With frank conſent: and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can never pay;
Whate'er your honour will's I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my bleſſing take,
And ſtill your maſter's right your buſineſs make:
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietneſs down amang the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraiſe;
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR

OMNES.

O, may the Lord of heaven your honour bleſs,
Confirm your joys, and guard what you poſſeſs!—

PATIE [*preſenting* ROGER *to* SIR WILLIAM.]

My truſty friend, who all my ſecrets knew
Ere I was rich, let me preſent to you:
He loves Glaud's daughter—Jenny, why aſham'd?
In virtuous love there's nothing to be blamed:
Long was he dumb—at laſt he ſpake and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon;
Be pleas'd to aſk good Glaud for his conſent,
That none may wear a face of diſcontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My ſon's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave
That truſty Roger may your daughter have;
Give frank conſent, and ſteward he ſhall be
O'er all the lands that here belong to me.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're bankrupts who can ne'er repay?
What you command I'll willingly obey.
Roger, my daughter with my bleſſing take—
Your maſter's intereſt ſtill your buſineſs make:
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this old grey head
With quietneſs ſhall nod down to the dead.

ROGER.

To make fine ſpeeches never was my way,
And when I feel the moſt, I leaſt can ſay:
But for my maſter, father, and my wife—
Them will I ſtrive to pleaſe while I have life.

SIR

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SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm ſatisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous, ſoon or late ye'll find
Reward and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild,
And aft, when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn with joy diſpels our care;
Now all's at rights, who ſings beſt let me hear.

PEGGY.

When you demand I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane, the neweſt that I hae.

SANG. Tune, *Corn-riggs are bony.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize,
He's comely in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he ſpak,
That ſet my heart a glowing:
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bony.

Let

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm ſatisfy'd, and do well believe
That, in his ſtation, each will well behave:
Be ever virtuous, ſoon or late you'll find
Reward and ſatisfaction in your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft, when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd.
And when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn with joy diſpels our fear;
Now all's to rights, who ſings beſt let me hear.

PEGGY.

To your command I'll firſt obedience ſhew,
And ſing you one, the neweſt that I know.

S O N G.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
He's handſome, of a middle ſize,
And graceful in his walking;
The brightneſs of his eyes ſurprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.—

On a ſmall bank laſt night we met,
Ripe corn all round it growing;
With look ſo kind, and words ſo ſweet,
He ſet my heart a glowing:
He vow'd that true he would remain,
Each riſing fear diſarming;
Which makes me like to ſing ſince then
The corn fields are charming.

Let

Let laſſies of a ſilly mind,
  Refuſe what maſt they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
  We chaſtly ſhould be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
  And ſyne my cockernony;
He's free to touzle, air or late,
  Where corn-riggs are bony.

THE END.

Let laſſes of a ſilly mind,
Refuſe what moſt they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry thee,
Farewell to fears alarming;
Thy pleaſure ſhall my pleaſure be
While corn fields are charming.

THE END.

NOTES,

EXPLANATORY OF LOCAL CUSTOMS AND WORDS.

ACT I.

Page 1ſt. [a] The Gentle Shepherd.

Gentle, well-born, deſcended from an ancient family, though no noble.—Yet in Scotland they uſe the word gentle in the ſame ſenſe as it is uſed in England—and ſay—A man is gentle both by birth and manners.

Ditto. [b] Watching of the fold.

In the South of Scotland, where Mr. Ramſay lays the ſcene of this paſtoral, and where they have very extenſive ſheep farms, the lambs are taken from their dams about the end of June, and ſent from the paſtures where they were bred, to the fells, or wilds, there to remain until the beginning of the winter—and to prevent the ewes from following the lambs they are penned and watched until the lambs are out of their hearing—when not only the ſhepherds who belong to the farm, and the maids who are to milk the ewes before they are let out to feed in the morning, but all the young people of the neighbourhood, meet at this rural rendezvous, a ſheep waking, or the watching of the fold—the ſweet melancholy bleatings of the innocent lambs, the deeper toned complainings of the diſtreſſed dams, anſwering each other from hill to hill—the mild ſoothing twilight which makes the ſummer nights of a northern climate enchanting—ſuch the ſcene,

Who would not

"Like to meet his love
"At watching of the fold?"

Page 4th. [c] Elf-ſhot.

If cattle die ſuddenly, the ignorant people think that they are killed by the inviſible darts of Elves, Fairies, or ſome malignant Spirit, at the inſtigation of witches.

I remember when I was a child to have ſeen, in a cow-houſe, a ſtone ſuſpended by a ſtring over every cow's ſtand, and the ſame in a ſtable over every horſe's ſtall.—As the thing was new to me, I inquired for what purpoſe they hung there, and was told that they were fairy-ſtones to preſerve the cattle from the power of Witches and Fairies:—theſe ſtones had natural holes through them in which conſiſted their virtue.—Theſe are found, in different parts of Scotland, ſtones ſhaped like the heads of arrows, which are called by the country people Elf ſhots.—Theſe ſtones were the heads of ancient arrows, and are only to be found on fields and places where battles have been formerly fought.

Page 4th. [d] The Weſt Port.

The market place for live cattle at Edinburgh, as Smithfield is in London.

Page 5th. [e] A ſhepherd is looked upon as the ſuperior of a carter or car-man, even when both are the ſervants of the ſame man; ſo Roger had not only a rival in Bauldy, but what made it ſtill more mortifying, that rival was ſo much his inferior.

"Bauldy! Bauldy that drives the car."——

Page 6th. [f] Upon a wall I lean'd.

In Scotland, particularly in ſheep farms, where the ſheep are apt to eat up the young thorns, the fences are commonly walls built of ſtone, without mortar, of about five feet high, covered at top with turf—ſuch a fence makes a very comfortable leaning-place either for a contemplative Shepherd or a rural Philoſopher.

Page 7th. [g] But I can gueſs you're come to gather dew.

The Scottiſh laſſes have an implicit faith in the virtues of May-dew—and the wiſe ſay that no coſmetic is ſo infallible in giving to the cheeks of youth that bloom of health, far ſuperior to the bloom of Ninon. If any lady ſhould be tempted to try the experiment, let her riſe with the ſun, and with her own fair hand gather the dew which ſhe means to uſe, as it has no virtue if procured by another.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Page 10th. [h] Habbie's How.

A little dell as deſcribed, and called Habby's How, from once having been the reſidence or in the poſſeſſion of one of that name.—Such names of places are very common in that part of the country.

Page 15th. [i] Ha! bonny laſs of Brankſome!

Alluding to an old ballad in which a bonny or pretty laſs of Brankſome is the ſubject of the ſong.—So Jenny jeeringly ſays that Patie will make a Song upon her, as the laſs of Brankſome's lover had done.

Page 17th. [k] Tron.

An old name for the public market place of any Town or Village for the ſale of fowls, eggs, butter, cheeſe, &c.

ACT II.

Page 29th. [l] And be a Lady of that ilk.

Title and ſurname the ſame, as Gordon Duke of Gordon, &c. and amongſt gentlemen not noble, it is an honorary diſtinction belonging to the chief, or eldeſt family of the name, as Macleod of Macleod—and many others.

Page 31ſt. [m] You, Goody, got the blame of all fell out.

Some poor old woman; and, as Mauſe ſays, perhaps becauſe ſhe had more ſenſe and knowledge than her neighbours, got the blame of all the misfortunes and croſs accidents which happened in her neighbourhood. Sometimes they had the addreſs to turn the ſuperſtitious credulity of others to their own advantage, particularly when their aid was aſked to aſſiſt lovers like Bauldy, who were always generous to the witch who they thought could help them.—There were at one time ſo many of theſe poor old women legally condemned, and burnt for witchcraft, that it ſhocks reaſon and humanity to think of it. To

put a ſtop to this rage for perſecuting witches, there was a law made, that for every witch condemned in a pariſh, the parſon ſhould forfeit an hundred marks of his ſtipend, about 5l. 10s. ſterling.—Whether this made the Clergy more diligent to keep the devil out of the old women, I wont pretend to ſay; but, after this law was made, not one ſuffered for witchcraft, at leaſt by legal trial.

Theſe abſurd ideas were not peculiar to Scotland, but to ſuperſtition and ignorance in general. Witneſs the following extract from HOME's Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.

"Every one is acquainted with the Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of "Beaufort, who is ſaid to have made a compact with the devil to pro-"cure her Henry IV. of France for a lover.—This ridiculous ſtory was "believed through all France, and is reported as a truth by the Duke "de Sully."

If a lover be worth going to the devil for, no woman ever had a better excuſe.

Page 35th. [n] As there is a ſimilitude in the ſentiments, I cannot here help bringing theſe lines into compariſon with thoſe much admired ones from one of VIRGIL's Eclogues.

Once with your mother to our fields you came
For dewy apples: thence I date my flame—
The choiceſt fruit I pointed to your view.
Though young, my raptur'd ſoul was fixed on you;
The boughs I juſt could reach with little arms;
But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms.
O, how I gaz'd, in pleaſing tranſport toſt!
How glow'd my heart, in ſweet deluſion loſt!

WARTON.

Durſt I venture an opinion, I would give the preference to the Scots poet for ſtrict adherence to nature and delicacy of ſentiment—as toſt and loſt, appear very ſtrong expreſſions to paint the feelings of a boy with little arms.

Page 36th. [o] Or putted the ſtone.

A large round ſtone which was thrown with one hand, and the ſkill and ſtrength of the putter was ſhewn in the diſtance he was able to throw it. See Johnſon's Folio Dictionary.

ACT

ACT III.

Page 48th. [p] Second ſighted.

"The power of ſeeing things future, or diſtant, is ſuppoſed inherent "in ſome of the Scottiſh iſlanders." Johnſon's Fol. Dict.—and one would be apt to think, from his manner of expreſſing himſelf in his Journey to the Hebrides, that he had believed in ſome people's poſſeſſing this ſupernatural power.

Page 49th. [q] Theſe obſcure lines ſeem to be written in the ſtyle of the old rhyming prophets, as Merlin in England, and one Thomas Learmont in Scotland, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer—from his ambiguous prophecies all in this kind of rhymes—and as in all the old copies they are marked with inverted commas, I am apt to think they may have been taken from that or ſome other well-known prophecy; for though he reproves Glaud for his unbelief, and refuſes to tell him the girls' fortunes in the ſame ſtyle of rhymes, yet there are no commas to mark thoſe lines as a quotation.

Page 55. [*] Milk and meal in Scotland imply plenty, as beef and pudding do in England.

Page 56th. [r] Lammas, one of the Scotch terms, the firſt of

Which is Candlemas, the 2d of February.
The ſecond, Witſunday, the 26th of May.
The third, Lammas, the 1ſt of Auguſt.
The fourth, Martinmas, the 11th of November.

ACT IV.

Page 81. Suckler-bank.

Thoſe lambs which are younger or weaker than the reſt are called ſucklers, and not ſent with the others, but kept upon the ground detached from the flock—and ſome good paſture and well ſheltered place ſet apart for them—ſo called the ſuckler brae, or bank.

THE END.

ERRATA.

SCOTCH.

Page	Line	
3	14	for *whale* read *whaſe*.
5	22	for *throle* read *thole*.
7	9	for *gone* read *gawn*.
29	15	for *feir* read *raſh*.
86	6	for *you* read *ane*.
87	1	for *Call up* read *Bid raiſe*.

ENGLISH.

Page	Line	
53	12	for *contention* read *contentions*.
60	1	for *where* read *when*.
81	22	at the word *ſuckler* mark ſ omitted.
85	6	for *horn* read *horned*.
87	1	for *Bid raiſe* read *Call up*.
88	5	for *in's* read *his*.
90	20	for *new-mown* read *new-made*.
96	2	for *knew* read *know*.
102	1	dele *well*.

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